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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 369

LEADING ARTICLE:

Party Contents and Discontents 372

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

The Meaning of the Mark. By
Our Agricultural Corres-
pondent ... 373

Rationalization of Charities
By Sir Herbert Morgan ... 374

Disraeli's Love Letters. By
A. A. B. ... 375

Marching Orders. By Gerald
Gould ... 375

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 377

THE THEATRE:

Assorted Bird-Life. By Ivor
Brown ... 378

MUSIC:

Coming Events ... 379

BROADCASTING ... 380

LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by J. B. Morton ... 380

BACK NUMBERS—CXLV ... 382

REVIEWS:

The Old World and the New.
By T. Earle Welby ... 384

C. E. Montague ... 386

Things Past ... 386

REVIEWS—continued

James Ramsay MacDonald ... 388

Devils, Drugs and Doctors ... 390

The Harley Street Calendar ... 390

Mrs. Eddy ... 394

Jewish Life in Modern Times ... 394

NEW FICTION: By L. P. Hartley

Death of a Hero ... 396

Grey Dawn ... 396

The God Who Didn't Laugh ... 396

Petruchio ... 396

SHORTER NOTICES ... 398

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE ... 399

ACROSTICS ... 400

THE CITY ... 402

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

MR. WHEATLEY'S gibe at the Labour Party Conference at Brighton, that he had heard Mr. Thomas's speech on unemployment three times already from Mr. Baldwin, was tart but truthful. It is not for Conservatives to complain of this, but the stars in their courses may be permitted a wink. On several foreign fronts the Government have scored distinct successes, but so far on the home front they have done nothing conspicuously good. They were elected to fight unemployment and the country will judge them very largely by the success or otherwise with which they do it. How big the difficulties are Mr. Thomas's survey showed. He has discovered already what Conservatives had been telling him and his colleagues for years, that the only genuine cure for unemployment is to be found in new markets and better trade. Even constructive relief works are uneconomical. £1,000,000 spent on such work, Mr. Thomas told his audience, employs 2,000 men directly and another 2,000 indirectly. The Government have already sanctioned expenditure amounting to £44,000,000. This, if Mr. Thomas's estimate is correct, should give work directly and indirectly to 176,000 men.

It may be—and perhaps it savours of impiety to put the matter so dubiously—that the cure of unemployment is reserved for the Labour Party. But so far the Labour Government have done nothing to that end that can be compared for utility to the Conservative measure which came into force on the first day of this month. Mr. Neville Chamberlain's derating scheme, with the Local Government Reform Act accompanying it, relieves industry to the extent of £26,000,000. Portions of the benefits of that policy have already been enjoyed by the industries in whose favour derating was antedated. Agriculture has had the benefit since the beginning of April; railways have been relieved since December of last year, and in some degree have passed on the relief to industry through reduced freights. Now coal-mining will be benefited to the extent of somewhere about three millions a year, the textile industries rather more. The effect on steel will be a reduction in the cost of production by 5s. 6d. a ton. Engineering and shipbuilding will receive a vigorous stimulant. We shall not grudge the Labour Government the opportunity of pointing to improved conditions, the result of a measure conceived and carried through by the Conservative Government; but we shall expect to see the effect of their own contribution towards increasing employment separately entered when the electorate apportions credit for better industrial conditions.



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The death of Dr. Stresemann is a blow not only to Germany but to Europe and to peace. It was Stresemann who, under the guidance of Lord d'Abernon, led Germany through the difficult years following the occupation of the Ruhr. At that darkest moment of German post-war history he embarked on a policy of reconciliation which has borne remarkable fruits. Against formidable and sometimes extremely bitter opposition from Nationalists he held fast to his course, and Locarno, the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan were successively the reward of his labours. He lived just long enough to see the evacuation of the Rhineland beginning. Stresemann was an example of a man who turned opportunity to statesmanship. By antecedents and predilection he was a Nationalist—in favour of annexations during the war, opposed to the revolution, a supporter of the monarchy—but he accepted facts and was big enough to see that the path of resistance could only lead to ruin. His policy of appeasement made him the outstanding international figure of Europe; how far his work will endure depends on how far Germany is capable of producing a successor who will adhere loyally to the course he set his country.

Mr. Henderson and M. Dovgalevsky have signed an agreement on behalf of their two countries settling the vexed question of propaganda and undertaking to appoint Ambassadors. All other matters are left to be negotiated after full relations have been resumed. These matters include the definition of each country's attitude to the treaties of 1924, the commercial treaty, claims for debts and counter-claims for damage during intervention. We were opposed to the breaking off of relations following the Arcos raid and are therefore pleased at the prospect of their resumption; it remains to be seen, however, what form the agreement about propaganda takes, and what effect it will have. That is a matter to which Parliament should give its close scrutiny. It appeared at one time that by appointing Ambassadors first, and agreeing to negotiate after, the Government had broken their pledge made in the House of Commons last session; but the terms of the Foreign Office statement have since made it clear that this is not so. No part of the agreement is to become operative until it has been approved by Parliament.

It has been an encouraging week for those who are fighting for the preservation of rural and urban amenities. On Wednesday the Government announced the appointment of a Committee to enquire into the feasibility of establishing one or more national parks in Great Britain. The idea of national parks is, of course, well understood in the United States and Canada, and lately proposals to acquire certain areas for the purpose in this country have received a good deal of attention; in particular, the Forest of Dean and a part of the Cairngorms have been cited as suitable districts. There will be those who will resent the suggestion that tracts of the countryside should be roped off and protected, feeling that the saner way to go to work is to protect the country entire, rather than save isolated

centres as though they were museum pieces, while the surrounding districts are left to the savage devices of the speculative builder. There will also be some apprehension lest this roping off should result not in protection but in a concentration of those peculiar desecrations—gramophones, litter, petrol fumes and the rest—seemingly inseparable from democracy on the spree. But in the midst of so much and such rapid destruction there may be wisdom in clutching at every straw that offers.

Out of the chaos of protest and depredation there seems to be emerging a genuine public opinion capable of making its voice heard. The result of continuous opposition to the proposal of the Electricity Board to run cable towers across the South Downs between Brighton and Eastbourne has been the announcement this week that the authorities have decided to reconsider the whole project. While we write, their decision remains unknown, but there is hope that the cables may now be carried underground; there is also an alternative overhead route by the weald. These routes will cost more, and the real difficulty, here and elsewhere, is to obtain acceptance of the view that practically and economically it will pay in the long run to spend a little money on rural preservation.

Meanwhile there is good news for London in the announcements that the Battersea power station scheme has been held up for further investigation and that the Government are trying to find time in the coming session of Parliament for a Bill putting into effect the findings of the Londonderry Commission on London Squares. It is to be hoped they will succeed. The Commission recommended that all London Squares, with five exceptions, should be permanently reserved as open spaces. That was a year ago, and since then there has been more than one threat from builders. There is no time to be lost. The figures of traffic accidents recently published prove shockingly enough what need there is for the retention of every possible open space where adults, and still more children, may refresh and fortify themselves secure from the turmoil of the streets. There is another consideration. If these squares were to be built over, not only would so many "lungs" be lost but also the peopling of the buildings that replaced them would add still further to the congestion of the streets. London is too full already.

Since the Bill for co-ordinating London traffic was dropped in the first days of the present Parliament, the Ministry of Transport has been busying itself with the problem of devising a suitable alternative. None has yet been produced, but the idea of municipal ownership has now been definitely abandoned as unworkable. With what brutality do the frosts of experience wither the tender plants of Socialism! The Government are now said to be considering the establishment of some form of special controlling authority—the analogy of the Port of London Authority is mentioned—under which all existing traffic bodies in London would be brought together. The matter, is urgent, for in the meanwhile, despite the persevering efforts of the

Traffic Advisory Committee, the chaos of the streets does not appreciably improve, and North-east and South-east London's desperate need of tube extensions is left unmet.

But it is not London's traffic problems only to which the Ministry has been addressing itself. There are now strong hopes that it means to tackle the transport situation as a whole. Local authorities and the public have had plenty of time to digest the recommendations that were circulated for their consideration as a prelude to further Government action, and the time for a comprehensive Traffic Bill to correlate the law to present-day conditions is overdue. The Government will not lack counsellors if they decide to go ahead, and we do not envy them their task. There are, however, certain principles that ought to guide them. Research has made it tolerably clear that congestion is a more prolific cause of accidents than speed; therefore new legislation should concentrate on (a) where possible, relieving congestion, and (b) where that is not possible, seeing that congested areas are made reasonably safe. Speed as such is not necessarily a danger; reckless driving is the worst menace, and driving may be reckless at one place at twenty miles an hour where at another it would not be so at forty or fifty miles an hour. In any case, no speed limit can be properly enforced. The new Act should release the police from the maintenance of useless speed limits and apply them to a more vigilant and vigorous detection of dangerous driving, supported by more drastic penalties for those found guilty.

The Government stand fast on Palestine. It is difficult to see how they could do otherwise. This country is deeply committed by a solemn declaration; and if recent events have forcibly brought it home to the British public that the charge hopefully assumed is one involving difficult work and risk to British prestige, that cannot be an argument for abandoning responsibility. Little as we like the policy which makes Great Britain home-finder for the Jews in a country which the vast majority of them have not the slightest desire to colonize and which does not welcome them, to us it seems much too late to discuss that policy as if it were open to acceptance or rejection or even substantial modification. We are where we are, and must make the best of the situation. Those whose neglect rendered possible the late disturbances must be dealt with; turbulent elements in the mixed population must be taught their lesson; the mess must be cleared up and the task continued, after apologies to the world for the incompetence of Great Britain's representatives in Palestine.

Mohammed Pasha Mahmoud's dictatorship, after temporarily delivering Egypt from agitation, has come to an end in circumstances very creditable to him. Fully realizing that this country could not sign a treaty with an individual, even with one more securely placed than he was, but must contract with the representatives of the Egyptian people, he sought a coalition with the Wafd, proposing to resign in order to make way for a Premier belonging neither to his personal following nor to the Wafd. His overtures were

stupidly rejected. He might thereupon have indefinitely postponed his resignation on the point of agreeing in principle to the treaty being wrecked. However, he persevered, and seems to have brought the Wafd very nearly to the point of agreeing in principle to the treaty before the elections. Such agreement, openly expressed, is obviously necessary; for, failing it, it would be impossible to regard the electoral success of the Wafd as implying popular acceptance of the treaty. Whether Mohammed Pasha Mahmoud's action will be adequately rewarded by the clearing up of an obscure situation remains to be seen. At the moment, the prospect is not hopeless. More can hardly be said. But he, at any rate, has done his best to force the Wafd into the open.

Lord Wolmer was indiscreet as Assistant Postmaster-General when he suggested that the Post Office could be very much better run by private enterprise, and he received, as was to be expected, an official rebuke. He has his revenge now, though it would be absurd to suggest that he is seeking revenge and is not simply actuated by public spirit. His criticism of Post Office administration in a series of articles in *The Times* is devastating. Instance of inefficiency and waste is piled on instance, and we hardly know which to regard as the worst. Perhaps that evil eminence may be accorded to the Sheffield automatic exchange scheme, in pursuance of which an important business site was bought for "a box of machinery" which might have been placed in any central side street, and as the result of which the monstrous sum of £350,000 was expended merely on exchange and subscribers' instruments. It is plain that the Post Office needs radical reorganization, under the auspices of some public utility company. Lord Wolmer's articles are shrewd blows at the theory that State-directed enterprise can be efficient and economical.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes: British farmers have cause to complain of the bounty-fed German corn that is underselling the British crop in our own country. By a complicated arrangement, the German grain exporter receives a bounty per exported hundredweight, equivalent to the German tariff on imported grain. The tariff on wheat coming into Germany is sixty-five marks per metric ton. The lowest estimate calculates that the German exporter, by this system, is receiving 50s. per quarter for wheat which he sells in England at 40s. Next February the German tariff is due to be increased, and this will make exporting even more attractive to the German trader. German wheat imports to Britain last year were 590,000 quarters compared with 22,500 quarters the year before, when the German tariff was lower. At least as many imports are expected for 1929, and greater in 1930. The late Minister of Agriculture stated that we could do nothing in the face of this subsidized flood of wheat, because of Article 8 of the Anglo-German Treaty, which forbids any discrimination against German goods. Next September the Treaty ends, and it is to be hoped that when it is renewed this question of subsidized exports will receive very careful attention.

PARTY CONTENTS AND DISCONTENTS

THE Labour Conference finds the party generally on fairly good terms with itself.

The certificate of respectability which it was so anxious to earn in the last General Election remains unsmirched, and is receiving endorsement in all sorts of unexpected quarters—even in that stronghold of Conservatism, the City of London. On the other hand there is a tendency to despondency and self-criticism, especially in the straiter sects of the Conservatives. They grudge the Labour Party its respectability, contrast the sunshine of its present popularity with the obscuration of their own party leaders. Let them have a little patience; their time will come. For our part we are glad that the Conservative leaders have not rushed into hasty and intemperate criticism of the new Government.

The successes of the Government have all been in Conservative foreign policy. Mr. Churchill, in the closing weeks of the late Government, made a great mistake in attacking Mr. Snowden for his remarks on the war debts as though he had meant to repudiate the terms of this contract. At the Hague he not only showed that he meant nothing of the kind, but he justified his contention that a little more resolution would correct some of the financial injustice that we were suffering at the hands of Europe. The popularity that he won has been reflected on the Government, but if Mr. Churchill had not attacked Mr. Snowden, in the mistaken hope of getting a battle-cry for the election, it might just as well have been reflected on the Conservative Party. Since when has it been the policy of a Conservative Party to favour a foreign debtor at the expense of our own people? Nor, it is comforting to think, can Mr. MacDonald's American policy be regarded as a distinctively Labour policy. It may shine by contrast with the Admiralty dispute with America at Geneva, and with the sorry blunder of negotiating a scheme of disarmament with France afterwards, but it was not Labour criticism that killed that scheme, it was criticism from the Conservative Party itself. His American policy so far as it has been revealed is in fact an ideal Conservative policy that might claim Canning himself as its ancestor. The great gain is that the policy now being pursued with America is genuinely Conservative; that the agents call themselves Labour is by comparison a very minor matter.

But even in foreign policy it is too early yet to speak of this Government as an assured success. Mr. Henderson is evidently sound on the Palestine Mandate, but did anyone expect that any self-respecting Government would adopt Lord Rothermere's policy of scuttle? The problem there remains one of great gravity, and it has yet to be seen whether the new Government have any constructive ideas of their own for its settlement. On Egypt again, and on Russia, the very people who are now fairly applauding the Government may be roundly abusing it six months hence. But, after all, it was not their foreign policy, whether of the Conservative brand or of a brand of its own, that put the Labour Government in power. The impulse came from purely domestic affairs, and especially from un-

employment. And here the prestige of the Government is steadily falling, especially in its own party. It is a hard fate that has thrown on Mr. Thomas the task of fulfilling the rash promises on unemployment made by the party in the General Election. His visit to Canada has been a great failure, and his party knows it. On a vote, which was naturally one of confidence with the Government in its unemployment policy, there was a narrow majority of 73,000 in a total vote cast of 2,127,000. That comes perilously near to a vote of censure on the Government for their handling of the unemployment problem.

Mr. Thomas made a speech that would have been approved at a Conservative Party gathering; he said hardly anything relevant that had not already been said a hundred times by Conservative speakers under the late Government. Unemployment is increasing, and no doubt the figures would have been exactly the same whatever Government had been in power. But it does not lie with the Labour Government, which assailed the late Government with such fierceness and laid claim to the possession of sovran specifics against unemployment as well as of more humanity, to use that argument. The logic of Mr. Wheatley's criticism was invincible to a Socialist gathering. You are trying the impossible task, he said, of making the capitalistic system run smoothly in Great Britain; and the vote showed how near the logic came to overcoming the party loyalty to a Government which had only been in office for a few weeks. Already the spectre has begun to walk behind the leaders of the party which will dog them with more persistency to the end of their time.

The same determination to be respectable which enabled the party to come into power and to gain popularity by pursuing a steady and Conservative foreign policy, will force the party into much the same unemployment policy as the late Government. It can only find a new policy by resorting to open and avowed Socialistic measures on a large scale. They know that they could not carry them in this Parliament and they know, too, that to go to the country on them would lose them the reputation for respectability and ensure their certain defeat. They know, too, despite their theoretic faith in Socialism, about the value of these remedies, that they would make matters far worse even if there were a chance of applying them. That is, indeed, an unhappy situation for a party to be in—to feel that its central principle is completely bankrupt and to have to continue the policy of the late Government, which it was elected to better, if it could. The whole situation is a vindication of the wisdom of the late Government in carrying their social policy to the extreme limit that was possible without upsetting the individualist system. That policy may have won no votes at the last election, but it prevented the new Government from claiming the ground as its own as it would have done if it had not already been occupied by Conservative policy, and it will win a million votes for the Conservatives at the next election.

Next to unemployment, finance is going to be the most serious problem of the new Government, and it is foolish of Conservatives, before even a first Labour Budget has been introduced, to be despondent over the present popularity of the

Labour Government. It is always possible to make employment if you are prepared to spend enough money. A big war, for example, is a perfect cure for unemployment, but it has to be paid for. The same objection applies in a greater or less degree to most remedies against unemployment, and Mr. Snowden has already, if rumour is to be trusted, been at issue with Mr. Thomas over his early ambitious projects for making work. Mr. Snowden has to find the money, and he is exposed to the old dilemma that if he spends little he is making no show with an unemployment policy, and if he spends much runs the risk of unpopularity with the taxpayers who helped to put him into power. Even in the most favourable conditions there will be great shrieks of pain when his first Budget is introduced, and we shall hear less of Mr. Snowden's popularity.

Conservatives can well afford to go quietly for the time being and let the Government choose on which horn of the dilemma they will impale themselves. If on the Conservative horn, well, they will have converted a part of Labour to their own views. If on the Socialist horn, much of the support that Labour had at the last election will come to the Conservatives, or fractionally to the Liberals. In any case the Government, being in a minority, can do no serious harm so long as Conservatives do not drive the Liberals into alliance with them. There is, therefore, no excuse for precipitate counsels in the Conservative Party or ill-considered changes in its organization. There is a case for improvement in the party organization, which is not sufficiently in touch with the thought of the young Conservative school. But change conceived in the interests of Die-hard counsels or fanatical Protection would be the worst injury that could be done to the Party and deprive it of the excellent strategic position in which it is presently likely to find itself.

THE MEANING OF THE MARK

BY OUR AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENT

AT Winchester may still be seen some of the weights and measures standardized by the Saxons. This early attempt to establish a basis of fair trading between producer and consumer is now regarded as one of the best accomplishments of Saxon times. The National Mark for British beef and wheat flour, introduced this week, is really an exactly similar undertaking. What the Saxons did to provide State-guaranteed measures of quantity, the Ministry of Agriculture is doing to create similar measures of quality. The National Mark means fair trade and fair play for the British produce that bears it. Already it has borne useful results with eggs and fruit. But these commodities may be regarded as preliminary canterers in comparison with the two staple items of the nation's diet brought under the Mark this week. They must both—beef particularly—be regarded as experiments, and it may be interesting to consider the likely results if the experiments are successful.

Two parties are chiefly concerned—consumers and producers. The interest of the former is to obtain better service, i.e., to get better food and a trust-

worthy supply of it; the interest of the latter is to improve their business, i.e., to get a more regular demand for their produce at a better price. Every purchaser of British beef knows only too well that things are far from satisfactory. The familiar blush on the cheek of the butcher who gaily slices off a piece of chilled steak and sells it as the best English, must arise purely from chemical causes in connexion with his business: it has nothing to do with a guilty conscience. Long habit and indiscriminating prices have likewise accustomed many producers to see nothing short-sighted in selling superannuated cow or veteran bull for the jaws of disappointed consumers to masticate in vain. The result for the consumer is too obvious to mention; he quite naturally has developed a preference for the foreign beef sold as such and much less variable than the home-killed. A generation ago seventy per cent. of our beef was home-killed; to-day the figure has dropped to fifty per cent., although our beef, when properly marketed, still remains the most nourishing and palatable that the consumer can buy.

The object of the Mark is quite simple. It guarantees that its beef is really British, and that if it eats like a pair of old boots it is the cook and not the farmer or the butcher who is to blame. Those who can afford to pay a little more to get the very choicest products of our pastures are provided with the means of asking for it in the shape of the first two of the three appointed grades. Never before has this been possible. The Mark, with the assistance of the telephone, will enable the conscientious housewife to be freed from the uninspiring duty of visiting the butcher in person every morning and prodding the meat about to find some worth eating.

In the case of flour the value of the Mark to the consumer is not so immediately evident. It is a fact, however, that the flour from British wheat is unsurpassed for flavour. For biscuits, puddings and cakes there is nothing to beat it, and the tasteless bread one so often encounters to-day reflects the increasing practice of using less and less English flour in making it. For bread, however, the softer English wheats have two disadvantages. Their lack of "strength" allows fewer loaves to the cwt. to be made than American, and they are inclined to make rather heavy bread. But this is not true of the Yeoman varieties of English wheat, which costs more to grow because it does not usually yield quite so much per acre. The Mark rightly places Yeoman in a class by itself as a bread-maker. The flours of the softer English wheats are also catalogued under the names of "plain" and "self-raising," for household use. The housewife henceforth can ask for them by name and be assured of a trustworthy article. It is a remarkable fact that it needed a preliminary enquiry by the Ministry into the flour industry to reveal the fact that a considerable number of English millers have been making all-English flour for some time. Yet how many people knew of it? Who would have known how to ask for it or where to get it? The Mark brings British wheat flour out of its hiding-place and gives the housewife an easily remembered label by which she can ask for it. She is not asked to buy it because it is British, but because it is the best for certain purposes. The Mark means better service to the consumer, and therefore the consumer should support it by demanding its products, quite apart from important national considerations.

From the farmer's point of view, all that makes his produce more popular with the consumer must tend to influence his business advantageously. Increased demand, even without higher prices, favourably affects any business. But the Mark

should improve his prices. First, because the British people above all others will pay for an article that is trustworthy as well as good; secondly, because the selling of foreign meat as English was causing price-cutting lower than would have been possible had the meat sold really been English; thirdly, because grading always means better prices, by saving the middleman labour and by preventing the value of first-rate produce from being swamped by lumping it in with medium and bad. The specialist grazier who turns out super-excellent beef is provided with a special market; the vendor of senile beef is fenced off and prevented from spoiling the market of the man who takes the trouble to market cattle of reasonable age and condition. Similarly with wheat flour. From lack of a name, or a market, or anything approaching a regular, sizeable supply, the best English wheat tended to be mixed by the miller with the higher-priced American, while it was paid for at a price fixed on the basis of the more medium qualities supplied. Growers of Yeoman in some districts could find no market for it at all for its proper purpose. The Mark for British flour will create not only grades and distinctions, but, it is hoped, actual markets for it where no market previously existed.

In these days things need a name and a personality to realize their full monetary value. English wheat has hitherto been denied these through the popular fallacy that imported wheats were superior in all respects. The Mark is an attempt to rescue English wheat from its obscurity and announce to the world its good qualities and characteristics.

These are the grounds on which it is reasonably hoped that the Mark will improve wheat and beef prices for the farmer. Only experiment can prove the correctness of the argument, but at least it seems a step in the right direction, and implicit in the organization that the Mark is creating is the promise of a psychological and educative reaction on the farmer, whereby he will be encouraged to set out on the path of rationalization himself, and carry on the good work of creating order and discipline in his industry that the Ministry, by this innovation, is initiating.

RATIONALIZATION OF CHARITIES

BY SIR HERBERT MORGAN

TO anyone who has been connected, even in the most humble way, with the organization of public charity, it must be apparent that in this department of our social life there exist abuses, extravagances and ineptitudes which would not be tolerated in any Government or in any business of repute. The great charitable institutions of this country live (like a man of family whose commitments are never quite met by his income) in constant and nervous communication with their banks. In the meantime their chances of a steady and sufficient income are jeopardized by the sentimental appeals of a hundred and one minor societies, many of which, while pretending to supplement their work, are, in fact, impeding it.

They are impeding it because they are drawing from a charitable public subscriptions which would be far better devoted to the society which is in the first place responsible. They are impeding it because the futility of their efforts, in the end, must discredit the main cause, and they are impeding it because they can never give the same service to those disabled in bodily or worldly opportunity whom it is, presumably their first desire to relieve. In the forefront of our national charitable institutions are the hospitals. There

are others which are fit to rank with them. Why should their pressing needs be obscured and their work hampered so that the vanity of a few people may be ministered to more blatantly? For that is the fact of it. Many of the small societies, to which I refer are no more than the off-shoots of jealousy and were founded purely to ensure more publicity and importance to groups who were in danger of having their little lights hidden under the bushel of a national effort.

The first evil of this duplication of effort is, of course, a tremendous waste in administrative expenditure. The common gibe that many small charitable societies exist only to provide an income for the staff may be passed over, for a whole-time worker is entitled to his or her livelihood whether that work is in the service of commerce or charity. In most cases the income paid to the secretariat of a charity is miserably small and carries with it a burden of criticism and interference which could scarcely be found in any business. The real point is that as there is no need for the charity in question, there is also no need for a salaried staff. It is also true that the smaller the income of the society the greater proportion of its subscriptions must go to pay salaries and office expenses. The subscriber to any charity has a right to demand an exact account of every guinea he may contribute. Were that right ever exercised it would be an astonishment in many quarters to learn how woefully small is the margin that ever reaches its destined object.

One may hint at the causes of this duplication, but the thing that matters is the duplication itself. Forced to example (but with no desire to particularize) it is necessary to take certain branches of charitable effort where duplication obviously exists and, haphazard, we may choose those devoted to the welfare of sailors, of children and of animals. How many societies are there professing to serve the interests of the seafarer? Who can deny that in their praiseworthy effort they are treading on each other's heels? How many societies are there dealing with the care of children, whether to protect them, to look after them in sickness or to give them recreation and enjoyment? How many animal lovers are there in this country who annually send their subscription to one or other of the societies which set out in a punitive, an educational or a careful spirit to safeguard (I had almost said) — "our dumb friends"?

But it is impossible to be particular in a choice of examples. Choose any field of philanthropy and you will find claims staked out (and occupied) by settlers whose presence is merely arresting the scheme of general development. And by the same analogy, should they surrender themselves to the general and central control, those that are now useless would become, at least, useful tenants of their plots.

I am reaching, through much argument, my main point. Just as in business it has been found that by wise amalgamation of kindred concerns, many administrative economies may be effected, why should not that same principle be applied to our charitable organizations? There is the National Society for the Protection of Pearl Divers, there is the League of Mercy to Pearl Divers, there is the Pearl Divers' Holiday Fund, the Mission to Pearl Divers, the Pearl Divers' Comforts Association and the Society for Providing Homes for the Pets of Pearl Divers, should they be drowned while employed in their perilous trade. Each of these very admirable organizations has its set of offices, its staff, its typewriters and its bill at the local stationer's and at the Gas, Light and Coke Company. To what end is this except the end of flagrant waste, when they might all be housed under the same roof, using a staff very little greater, from the point of efficiency, than any single one of them uses to-day and incurring overhead expenses very

little greater than those incurred by any two of them to-day?

The fact is that we can no more afford to waste the margin of national income which we devote to voluntary services than we can any other part of that income. In other words, whoever gives what he can spare to any charity has a certain duty in seeing that his gift is used to the fullest possible extent of its value. How can this be so when a quarter, or a half of it, be it only a few shillings, goes to pay the cost of its distribution?

The remedy, which on paper seems so simple, the amalgamation of institutions directed towards a common object, with the aim of eliminating unnecessary waste in administration, in practice, of course, bristles with difficulties. Of these the worst to combat are petty jealousy, obstinacy of opinion, and vanity in performance. Perhaps they are insuperable—but unless they are overcome the cynical attitude towards all organized charity, now daily more apparent, will grow and grow most lamentably to the increasing danger of those voluntary services upon which a very considerable section of the community depend in times of trouble.

DISRAELI'S LOVE LETTERS

By A. A. B.

AN old man's love, unless paternal or avuncular, is always tragical-comical. When the senile lover is a great man, to publish the story is an outrage, a spectacle of humiliation on which the reader is forced to look. Granted that Disraeli's infatuation for the two old countesses was sexless, as was probably his affection for his wife, he should have controlled the expression of his feelings even in letters, which, being a gentleman, he never dreamed would be published. He admits, indeed, in one of his letters to Lady Bradford that his conduct has been "absurd." The greater part of the letters in these two volumes* must have been tiresome to the lady, as they are wearisome and irritating to the reader of to-day. Except that probably no woman ever destroys love letters, be the lover who he may, one wonders that Selina Lady Bradford did not burn those letters, easily separable, which dealt in reproaches and querulous jealousy. One wonders still more that her daughter Ida, whom Lord Beaconsfield had petted as a young matron, did not perform a similar operation. But when one comes to the grand-daughter, Lady Beatrice Pretyman, who apparently submits the letters, without sifting, to strangers, one's faculty of astonishment is exhausted. Mr. Buckle saw these letters more than ten years ago, before he published his fifth volume, and with his literary tact and good feeling selected a few—too many I thought at the time—as a flashlight upon character, to be almost immediately turned away. But in these two volumes "the follies of the wise" are literally shovelled out upon the public. In reviewing Lord Ronaldshay's 'Life of Lord Curzon' in these columns, I wrote that he had sacrificed the feelings of a friend to the duty of a biographer. Lord Zetland has done worse; he has crossed the line between what may and may not be published, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of Lord Beaconsfield's relatives. And what is his excuse? Pope said of some social satirist, "Want is your plea, let pity be your screen." Lord Zetland has no such plea.

Of political interest there is nothing in this correspondence that has not appeared in Mr. Buckle's 'Life,' a new and cheap edition of which has just appeared. Of inimitable Disraelian strokes of description there are

a good many scattered about these pages. Of G. W. Bentinck—Big Ben of Norfolk—whom he had put down in the House of Commons (the two men hated one another), he writes, "his face was worth seeing, the countenance of a gorilla first brought into contact with a man." Describing a dinner at the Somers's, he says, "then there were the Randolph Churchills, he glouring like one possessed of a devil, and quite uncivil when I addressed him rather cordially." Some of us remember that glour and have not forgotten the incivility.

Disraeli's courage in fighting his Cabinet, the whole of Europe, and the Press, especially *The Times*, was daemonic, particularly when we recall that he was over 70 and was racked by gout, asthma and bronchitis. "If you want to govern the world you must know how to say Bo to a goose." The six glorious years between 1874 and 1880 were spent in saying Bo to geese of every description. Courage has disappeared from public life, driven out by universal suffrage. Previous to the Reform Act of 1884, the electorate numbered about a million and a half. How would Dizzy have handled twenty-six million voters of both sexes? Lord Beaconsfield would perhaps have lived longer if he had husbanded his resources. On the other hand, it may be that excitement was necessary as a stimulant. Anyway, when he was not speaking in Parliament, presiding at a Cabinet, or reading and writing dispatches, he was tearing up and down the country, in dilatory trains, waiting sometimes an hour at a junction, in his endless visits to country houses, which were cold in those days, dragging his old bones from Osborne to Longleat, from Longleat to Raby, or Bretby, then to Weston, and back to Hughenden, with constant journeyings up to Whitehall Gardens.

How did he do it? Why did he do it? Snobbishness is the foible of little people, and cannot be applied to a great man. But Disraeli worshipped fashion. He was really happy at Bretby and Weston; but the Bradfords were fashionable, as were the Duchess Louise, Alfred Rothschild, the Alingtons, Harty-Tarty, Lady A.; and the Baths and the Cleverlands were exclusive; and there were the ceaseless commands to Windsor. And so the Prime Minister, who was silly enough to write that he had three sleepless nights because Lady Bradford forgot to say good-night after a concert, went trapesing about, and dining out where he ought to have been in bed, or sitting by his own hearth. He travelled quite alone, save for the company of Mr. Baum, who, though his master describes him as "sullen and supercilious," must have been a pearl of valets, for he was nurse and secretary as well. Why was Lord Beaconsfield so lonely? He had two brothers, and a niece and a nephew of the intelligent age, of whom there is never a word. Even for those who know Mr. Buckle's 'Life' and the 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' there is a want of an explanatory footnote now and then; and I cannot imagine where Lord Zetland gets the word "apologium," on p. 60 of Vol. I. Finally, I am inclined to think that the substitution of the typewriter for the pens and paper of which Disraeli was always complaining is not without its advantage: it is at all events safer.

MARCHING ORDERS

By GERALD GOULD

"IS it that she marches yet?" We asked the question every morning. We all asked it. We asked it in French, partly because we took pleasure in showing our conversance with that tongue: partly because we were addressing the proprietor, who had no English. The answer was almost always in the derogatory and evasive.

* 'The Letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield.' Edited by the Marquis of Zetland. 2 vols. Benn. 42s.

What would you? "She" was the pump. We were dependent upon her, absolutely, for our ablutions. She was electrically worked—or rather, electrically idle: for indeed, on most mornings, she did not march. The hotel was quite new, and not quite finished; it had been run up during the winter with the casual speed of the Latin; it had a most elaborate electrical apparatus, which caused the lights to go out in the evening, and the water not to come on in the morning. In the advertisement which had lured us there, "running water in every room" had been featured, displayed, flaunted. And bathrooms too; and sure enough we found bathrooms; but they were the only rooms to which it did not matter whether she marched or not, the only rooms in which water could not have run in any case; for the pipes had not been connected. In the bedrooms, on the other hand, there was a lovely shining apparatus of pipe, basin and tap; only, when you turned the tap, nothing eventuated on even transpired. You could not

With art hydraulic and propulsion stout
Evoke the crystal treasure from the spout.

One result of this continual frustration was to throw light on one's own ignorance of one's own habits. If anybody had asked me how often I washed my hands in a day, I should have guessed it at seven or eight times: I have discovered it to be nearer thirty. When you turn a tap and the water comes, you notice nothing; nothing is registered as having happened. But when you turn a tap and there is no issue, the event is graven on the memory. Educational papers, please copy.

It was extraordinary how that pump dominated our lives. It was not as if we had been water-drinkers: with an "English Café-Bar," where you could get brandy-and-soda for the equivalent of fivepence a glass, it would have seemed ungrateful to go to the tap for refreshment. And, as far as I could judge, we were, taken by and large, pretty good at gratitude. It was not even as if washing had been a necessity: we were always in and out of the sea. But somehow that churlish refusal of the tap, that high-frequency rhythm of expectation and disappointment, began to get on our collective nerves. Besides, there were other reverberations. . . .

The days on which she marched were sunny. We were all friends then. We beamed, not scowled, on the babies—who, to do them justice, screamed impartially through draught and drought, the only creatures among us impervious to the crisis. We planned expeditions, got up dances and tournaments, exchanged addresses and promised to correspond. I, even I, was on two occasions invited to judge the costumes at fancy-dress balls, and flatter myself that I did it not too badly: though, to be sure, the young woman to whom I had given a prize (how she made me wish I could get it back!) said candidly: "I should have thought you were the *last* person" Well, so should I, and so I was, though it was not for her to say it or think it; but I suppose the people who pressed the task upon me had drunk water and gone mad. I have often been told that sudden water-drinking, after long abstinence, contains these dangers.

On most days, however, she did not march: and O the heavy change! The very Entente went down those empty waste-pipes. The English contingent got together heavy-browed, and said what could you expect in a French hotel, and why had they come, and *did* you see the French costume, my dear, that got the prize at the ball last night? (The award, as we know, had been made by an Englishman: he became an outcast, and was so cross that he liked it.) What made the thing more maddening was that she could not even not-march at ease. There was no silence, no insouciance, no negativity about the great refusal. All day long there would be wheezes, gurgles, gasps, rumbles, thunders, hiccups, stutterings, boilings, seethings and ejaculations. Sometimes these heralded the turn of the tide: more often, they meant nothing. Yet we could never get accustomed to them, could never believe that they would disappoint us, could never learn the bitter lesson of indifference. Hope leapt with every gurgle, and died with every gasp. And when people discovered—"worse need for them!"—that a particularly stertorous bombination heralded a few exiguous drops, only to emphasize with horrid contrast and irony the returning drouth, all previous statistics of apoplexy were outstripped.

There was a so-called shortage of water, I believe, on this side of the Channel; but only those who crossed the water can know what it is like to do without it. Does she march? Will she march? How soon will she cease marching? Such questions punctuated our days, and did pitter-patter dances, like ghostly taps a-drip, through all our dreams. Little jokes were attempted, as happens, I am told, among people thrown without food or drink upon desert islands: it is the pride of the spirit asserting itself against the ignominy of the flesh. "All hands to the taps!"—"What ho, she pumps!" (But this last put me on a train of strange reflection. Where are they gone, the makers of street-sayings? "There's hair"—"What ho, she bumps"—they were all the conversation of my youth, and the foundation of my prose style. One never hears any equivalent now. There is slang, but it comes in single words: your round mouth-filling idiotic phrase is dead, and none knows why. But you must excuse me; I am talking merely to fill up the time; I have one ear on the tap. . . . Excuse me while I just go and see.)

And that, of course, is the worst of the whole ghastly experience. It has destroyed confidence in the basic things. Until this summer, one turned a tap, and water came out of it; but now, even in one's own home, even under the mild and beneficent eye of the Metropolitan Water Board, one cannot feel sure of anything. The seed of heresy is sown; the agnostic is loud in the land. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water" sounds no longer a sad epitaph: there is a deeper doubt prevailing. Experiment has confuted experience, and faith won't wash.

I daresay, by now, she marches. But the harm is done. I cannot pump up enthusiasm any longer about anything. The bright, careless days of middle-age are over: the last question begins to challenge my failing eyes.

Is it that she marches—yet?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

SHUTTING THE STABLE DOOR

SIR,—You are thoroughly justified in the surprise you express, in a leading article under the above title, at the failure of City meteorologists to discern the symptoms of financial disturbance. Personally, I should put things more strongly. It is asking too much of public credulity to expect us to believe that scores of experienced business men brought into frequent contact with a shady and reckless financier over a period of years will never have suspected him. Of course they will have suspected him. Their acquiescence will be due only to a cynical belief that he may, so to speak, last their time, that they can profit by his enterprise and skill in charming ordinary investors but get out of his concerns well before the smash comes. Should it not be brought home to them that such cynicism is very short-sighted? For a while, and in certain cases, they may, indeed, profit by stifling their suspicions; but, apart from the fact that they frequently get inextricably involved in the smash, they are bound to suffer in the long run from the injury done to public confidence.

The law in regard to punctual issue of accounts and so forth ought certainly to be enforced strictly, as you suggest; but in the last resort we must depend on the realization by City men as a body that every smash indirectly injures them.

I am, etc.,
L. S. D.

W.C.2

WESTMINSTER ABBEY SACRISTY

SIR,—Is not the fuss made about the new Sacristy at Westminster Abbey a case of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel? We have for decades tolerated the turning of the marvellous interior of the Abbey into a hideous, monumental mason's shop. I suggest that most persons of taste would willingly let the Dean have his Sacristy twice over if he would in turn undertake to purge the interior of the accumulated rubbish of the last two or three hundred years.

I am, etc.,
WALTER BOWERLEY

Accra, Gold Coast

[We agree that part of the interior of the Abbey has been made hideous, but that is surely no reason for spoiling the outside as well.—ED. S.R.]

SIR,—In the controversy between the Dean of Westminster and the opponents of his suggested new Sacristy for Westminster Abbey, to be grafted on to the north side of this edifice, it seems to have been overlooked that the famous Henry VII's Chapel is itself a very late Gothic addition to what is mainly an early Gothic structure. I am aware that the Henry VII's Chapel replaces an earlier Lady Chapel, but I believe I am right in saying it is larger. Moreover, scattered over the country there are other and perhaps more telling examples of late additions to early ecclesiastical edifices that might shock the susceptibilities of the anti-Sacristy brigade.

But in this controversy one aspect of the case seems to have escaped discussion: if the Sacristy is ever proceeded with, what sort of architectural style is to be adopted in the building of it? May I suggest that the style adopted be one that arises out of this our twentieth century—something in the ferro-concrete "style," and not one of those

"cheap" pseudo-Gothic imitations that have arisen so frequently during the last seventy-five years?

This may sound an astonishing suggestion to many people, especially to the type of person who, while denouncing the new "mass" block of flats known as Grosvenor House in Park Lane, London, has tolerated for decades without protest that "palazzo style" anachronism, Dorchester House, in the same charming thoroughfare; or who, while decrying Miss Scott's design for the new and "unusual" Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon acquiesces in such things as His Majesty's Theatre (in Haymarket, London), which might just as well be a warehouse for motor tyres, or accepts the dreadful buildings we call theatres in Shaftesbury Avenue.

But is my suggestion really so outrageous? Great builders of the past have not hesitated to make additions and alterations to old existing buildings in the style of their own (the later builders') period. I can give examples from two ecclesiastical edifices that I know very well indeed: the Cathedrals of Winchester and Oxford. When William of Wykeham rebuilt the nave of Winchester Cathedral in the latter half of the fourteenth century, he carried out the work in the style of his own period and not in the Norman style of the original building (completed, if I remember rightly, in the reign of William Rufus) which can still be seen in the transepts. When a new roof was built in the immediately pre-Wolsey era over the choir of Christ Church, Oxford, it was not carried out in the Norman style of the piers (which date some 300 years earlier) on which it rests, but in the Late Perpendicular style with a beautiful fan-traceried vaulting—a form of vault entirely unknown to the Norman kings.

I am, etc.,
"TOURNEBROCHE"

POE AND STOKE NEWINGTON

SIR,—Mr. Priestley, in his delightful essay on the north-eastern spread of London, adopts a legend which, I believe, is now given up as without foundation—the tradition of Edgar Allan Poe's being at school in Stoke Newington. It is repeated in all the histories of the district and is, I observe, accepted by Professor Cestre, who writes the article in the new edition of the 'Britannica.' But where is the evidence?

Mr. Priestley cites one of Poe's stories, but the sentence he quotes is poor testimony. "All the houses were excessively ancient," Poe writes. This should seem to prove that he had no knowledge of Stoke Newington in the 1820's, for by that time it had become a favourite retreat of City merchants. Poe, of course, was an incorrigible mystifier and he invented his own past without scruple. The two latest of his biographers, Hervey and J. W. Krutch, have tracked him with American thoroughness and, if I remember rightly, they agree in concluding that Poe was never in Europe.

I am, etc.,
S. K. RATCLIFFE

158 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS

SIR,—Darwin, in his 'Origin of Species,' says very forcibly that "the brain of an ant is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world," but neither he nor any other naturalist has been able to determine the exact point at which instinct ends and intelligence begins. Some writers, such as Pierre Hubert and Sir J. Lubbock, do not hesitate to ascribe to the *Formicidae* a mental capacity but little inferior to that possessed by man, and a recent German writer, Dr. Hans Ewers, speaks of their "intellectual faculties" and even represents them as engaging

in athletic competitions, "with crowds of onlookers encouraging them"! Your correspondent who writes from South Africa seems to regard the actions of the mud-wasp, which he describes as deliberately "camouflaging" the excavations it had made, in much the same way; but without doubting the accuracy of the observations upon which such views are based, it may perhaps be suggested that the argument from analogy is not sufficiently strong—the bodily structure of the ant being so immensely different from that of the higher animals—to justify the conclusion that any insect is possessed of self-consciousness, merely because it appears to act, as we think it would, if this were actually the case.

I am, etc.,

WALTER CRICK

Hartfield Square, Eastbourne

THE THEATRE

ASSORTED BIRD-LIFE

BY IVOR BROWN

Sorry You've Been Troubled. By Walter Hackett. St. Martin's Theatre.
The Sea-gull. By Anton Chekhov. Fortune Theatre.

MR. HACKETT continues to write the same play with the same part for his same wife; the immutable piece has the same enticing beginning and the same laboured ending. But there must be, with any reasonable people, the same delighted acceptance. What does it matter how the yarn is untied? Enough that it has been so deftly coiled with the same rich confusion of villainy, valour, and nonsense at a Mayfair address. There was a time when London sniffed a little. It revelled in Ambrose Applejohn but turned up its nose at 'Pansy's Arabian Night,' which I thought to be the best of them all. Now '77, Park Lane,' after running nearly a year, has made way at the St. Martin's Theatre for 'Sorry You've Been Troubled.' The plays are as like as two new peas and the parts played by Mr. Hugh Wakefield are as like as two Old Beans. The appearance of this actor as the seeming ninny, who is all nerve and "nous," in one of Mr. Hackett's plays has now become as much a part of London life as the delectable innocence of Miss Marion Lorne in the rôle of the suburban miss plunged into one of Mr. Hackett's Arabian nights. Wakefield stock stands higher than ever; no depression can touch maid Marion. Now she chirrups, bird-like, at the telephone-box, the very image of the chaffinch who pipes us our wrong numbers.

Mr. Hackett is a metropolitan romantic in the manner of Mr. Arnold Bennett. He no sooner sees a shuttered mansion in some elegant street of Mayfair than he must populate the basement with the princelings of all mundane darkness. I remember Mr. Frank Cellier, cast as an appalling Levantine in a comedy by Mr. Hastings Turner, boasting that his uncle was the most respected gigolo in Constantinople; that uncle, I am sure, is just the kind of person who would be running a gambling saloon or conducting a small experiment in city "margins" with an added spot of manslaughter in any deserted mansion where Mr. Hackett turned the key. This time it is not the empty house but the full hotel which has fascinated him. Those modish and mysterious men who are always wandering from the lounge to the telephone, who seem, indeed, to be so busy doing nothing in hotels and to be so autochthonously rooted in Grand Babylonian soil that one wonders how they ever get out to see their tailors, are the right material for one of Mr. Hackett's arabesques. Not lounge lizards these, but asps in lizards' tights. More-

over, the dramatist has in Mr. Robert Holmes, dark and debonair, an actor who can look more like a well-dressed question-mark than any other of our time and is therefore the perfect fit for the nefarious fantasies of the Hackett universe. Whenever Mr. Wakefield, scenting crime, opens the bedroom door, Mr. Holmes is standing with head curled over on to his chin and impersonating the Query Sinister with infinities of stark suggestion and homicidal auspice. Nobody was ever further from Hamlet's frankness when he said, "I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room"; but nobody was ever closer, one feels, to the necessity of corpse-disposal. This is Sweeney Todd in the Deauville class; Mr. Holmes, under stress of theatrical butchery, could make Cambridge sausages with an Oxford accent.

I would like to have seen more of Mr. Holmes; and more, too, of Mr. Antony Holles, who offers the best impersonation of an hotel manager I have ever met. He gives us the English type, a bland bully with a "refaned" voice; he is sallow, greasy and always fidgeting with hands thrust forward. Mr. Holles has made an extraordinarily exact study of the stance and digital tricks of the breed; he is the manager who wants to be a gent among gents and yet proclaims the essential lackey with his eager, twitching fingers. As a feat of manual labour (in the strictest sense) Mr. Holles's performance is remarkable, but he is also acting with the whole of his mind and body.

About the plot of this play I could not possibly write. I have forgotten it; I am not even sure that I ever knew it. I certainly never cared. It was quite enough to know that there was a body in the bedroom and that there were adventurers about. Into this high-class hotel, where gentlemen left their bodies and their secrets and ladies their jewels and their virtue, came Mr. Hugh Wakefield as the inevitable lamb in Crime Street. Once more the bleat of the silly ass is only the articulation of a "stout fellah." Trust him to smell a corpse in the arras and trust Miss Marion Lorne, as the telephone girl in this blood-boltered Babylon, to see a hero in Mr. Wakefield. Miss Lorne once more reveals the full anguish of the suburban spinster caught up in these terrible toils. From play to play her comedy is the same; it is that of the aspidistra mind in the orchidaceous situation. The same, and superb. Miss Diana Wynyard, who has learned the business and evidently learned it well at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, made an excellent start in her London career. Her rôle of modern love-bird is none too clearly drawn, but she made it graphic and prominent despite all handicaps. I congratulate Mr. Hackett on everything but his capacity to write last acts; but since, by the invention and humour of his first two he has always put the critical faculty out of action, I cannot see that this lack of staying-power matters more than a trifle.

Mr. Ridgeway's management at the Fortune Theatre is most welcome. We desperately need a little playhouse in the centre of town (apart from the private and club theatres) where there will be a sustained policy of modern classics with some experimental productions to vary them. Mr. Ridgeway was bound to begin with Chekhov, because the high-brows are in many ways the most sheepish of playgoers and they have now arrived, thirty years late but with immoderate appetite, at the remains of the banquet once spread by Chekhov and Strindberg. A year or two ago Chekhov drew the town over the bridge to Barnes; all the more reason why he should now pack a house that is hard by Drury Lane. But there must be no lowering of the standard set by the Komisarjevsky productions at Barnes. There are some weak patches in the new version of 'The Sea-gull.' Mr. Martin Lewis, for instance, has been allowed to play almost for sympathy Stanislavsky's

part of Trigorin, the odious and empty best-seller who destroys the romantic and impressionable Nina as wantonly as a "sportsman" shoots a sea-gull. Do producers ever go to the first-hand authority? Stanislavsky, who found and made Chekhov, has given us his 'My Life in Art,' and there has much to say about the original Chekhov productions and the author's doctrine. It is not always easy to follow. Trigorin, for instance, was intended, despite his money, to wear check trousers and broken shoes; Stanislavsky played him as a buck and was rebuked. Presumably Chekhov intended a kind of shabby Bohemian, displaying a greasy picturesqueness which the poor, silly Nina would take for greatness and Treplev would know to be hocus. Mr. Lewis's Trigorin was vague, unspecified. Moreover, there should have been far more comedy in the portrait of the bleaters and bores in the country-house. These characters are not meant to be dullards, but cartoons of dullards, yielding wit from their plentiful lack of it. Fortunately Miss Valerie Taylor and Miss Miriam Lewes repeat exquisite performances as Nina and the old actress. 'The Sea-gull' is by no means my favourite Chekhov, but even a partially good rendering can yield abundant pleasure, and the succeeding productions on Mr. Ridgeway's list are full of promise.

MUSIC

COMING EVENTS

ON the evening when it became evident that Mr. Baldwin would have to go out, and, likewise, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would go in, a concert-agent, to whom I spoke of future prospects, shook his gloomy head. "There won't be many concerts next season," he assured me. In the light of my experience that evening—it was a young lady producing in a sonata by Beethoven the effect of gushing youth attempting to converse with high genius over the tea-cups—and on many other evenings, I could not but feel that there might be some compensation for the change of Government. I should have remembered, as the reader will remember (when I have reminded him), the similar predictions of Messrs. Chappell and Company when the B.B.C. started work in earnest. I should have remembered all those other vaticinations, uttered during the past ten years by musical Jeremiahs, who predicted that concerts would soon die out and become as extinct as the dodo, or at least as rare as *eritrichium nanum* in an English garden.

Nothing of the sort! They are as plentiful as wasps in a plum-tree. I cannot remember an autumn season which has offered to the London music-lover such quantity and variety as that which may be said to commence this week. There is quality, too! For while some organizations, like the London Symphony Orchestra, plod warily upon a well-worn path, there are bolder minds at work, who dare to suggest that London audiences may take an interest in music not composed by Beethoven or Brahms, and even in some actually written by men who are still alive. The Royal Philharmonic Society, which has been showing more and more enterprise in recent years, is including in its programmes a suite by Hauer, which was produced at the Frankfurt Festival, a Rhapsody for violin and orchestra by Bartók, a new Fantasia for violoncello (Casals) and orchestra by Vaughan Williams and a scene from Hindemith's 'Cardillac.' All these things are new to London and the scheme includes programmes devoted to Elgar and Delius.

The Delius concert is part of a week's celebration of the composer under the direction of his champion, Sir Thomas Beecham. This festival, during which

a large part of the composer's orchestral and chamber music is to be played, will, at the least, remove the reproach of neglecting a native composer of genius which has so often been levelled against concert-givers by his admirers. It may also enable us to decide whether the recent dictum of the most energetic among those admirers that "there is very little to differentiate one from another" of his chamber-works, applies also to his orchestral music. The British Broadcasting Corporation are taking part in this festival, their share being the performance of 'A Mass of Life.' On the whole the B.B.C. programmes this autumn are not quite as venturesome as they have been in the past. The most interesting novelties, including a new Symphony by Bax and a pianoforte concerto by Bartók, are reserved until after the New Year. However, they are producing a viola concerto by Paul Hindemith and are reviving Strauss's 'Sinfonia Domestica,' about which there was such a pother in the dim pre-war age, and Granville Bantock's 'Omar Khayyam,' of which no adequate performance has been given in London for a long time. Whether the two works last-named are more than vast and ingenious structures built up at a time when mere size was considered admirable on its own account, remains to be seen. At any rate, the test will be interesting and worth the application.

The palm for enterprise goes to a new entrant in the field of concert-giving. Mrs. Samuel Courtauld has already done good service to music in London, for she was the chief partner in the syndicate which took over the burden of grand opera at Covent Garden at a critical moment five years ago, and introduced to London, among other fine artists, Frida Leider, Lotte Lehmann and Maria Olszczewska. Now, in conjunction with Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Mrs. Courtauld has announced a series of six orchestral concerts. No expense is to be spared. There are to be from three to five rehearsals; the conductors are to include Otto Klemperer, who has so far not cared to entrust his reputation to the chances of a strange and under-rehearsed orchestra; and the soloist-in-chief is to be Artur Schnabel, who will play Brahms's two pianoforte concertos, and one by Beethoven and one by Mozart. The programmes include Mahler's 'Lied von Erde,' a Symphony by Bruckner—our Lady Maecenas has, you see, more courage than Mr. Lionel Powell—a new Symphony by Arthur Bliss, and a violin concerto by Szymanowski, which will be played by Miss Jelly d'Aranyi.

Nor is this all. For all this is to be offered to the London concert-goer at the prices he pays for seats at a Promenade Concert. I do not mean to belittle that admirable institution which Sir Henry Wood has directed through one more successful season, but no one will pretend that it produces the results we may expect of Klemperer with five rehearsals or that the soloists are on a level with Schnabel. Of course, it cannot be done for the money, and, of course, there will be a large deficit to be met. But Mrs. Courtauld's idea is to attract an audience from the class of music-lovers who, for the obvious reason that they cannot afford it, do not regularly go to orchestral concerts. With this end in view a concert club has been established, whose membership is drawn from the employees of the big stores and other business establishments as well as from students, teachers' and other social organizations. Members of this club can obtain tickets at prices ranging from 1s. 6d. to 5s. for the most expensive seats. In other words, Mrs. Courtauld is setting out to do for music what her husband has so generously done for modern painting—to make it accessible in the finest possible form to anyone who cares to make use of the opportunity. If the series is successful—and who can doubt its success?—it is proposed that next year the concerts shall be repeated,

so that twice the number of people can hear each programme and the expenses, in proportion to receipts, will be nearly halved. Thereafter ends may, if not meet, at least approach one another.

Besides these grander schemes, a smaller one deserves notice. On Wednesday next there will be given in the Wigmore Hall the first of a series of fortnightly chamber concerts. The artists concerned include Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Myra Hess, Miss Isolde Menges, Mr. Lionel Tertis, Mr. Harold Samuel and Mr. Plunket Greene. The programmes are excellent, and among the less known works are Brahms's 'Mädchenlieder,' Schumann's 'Spanische Liederspiel' for vocal quartet and pianoforte, and several of Bach's cantatas. It seems that there will be no lack of recitals by soloists and quartet parties, good, bad and indifferent, among whom the discerning must discern or take pot-luck. And, of course, Mr. Lionel Powell is providing for avid appetites his Sunday afternoon celebrities in the Albert Hall. The tone is set by the production to-morrow of a boy violinist, heralded as a "phenomenal" prodigy and depicted with his venerable teacher like little Clarence in his purple velvet suit. "There is," we are informed, "a human story behind the struggles of this artist and his parent since he came into the world." But we wander from our subject, which is Music.

H.

BROADCASTING

MR. LOWES DICKINSON, in introducing the "Points of View" series, was all that one expected him to be: sane in outlook, inspiring in criticism. His talk was an admirable preface, and however distinguished the company he introduces, his words will not be forgotten. Few of his hearers could wish for (or be likely to obtain) a wiser homily, or a finer defence of a man's opinions than this. Among all the great names that follow in the series—all of them better known to the general public than Mr. Lowes Dickinson's—there is not one whose bearer has not some special brilliance as a speaker, or a thinker, or both, that will overshadow this opening speech. But in a stern refusal to be drawn away from the main thesis by vain dialectics and a fearless earnestness of statement he sets a pace that is difficult to overhaul. For those who know his writings there was nothing new on Monday night, but one welcomed the restatement of this passionate democrat's creed, with its insistence on a possible outlawry of war, on the importance of the League of Nations, on the value of religion as "an attitude of the passionate and informed imagination to the world and man's place in it." (I quote from memory.) The final homage paid to Mozart may have caused surprise. But Mr. Lowes Dickinson has already put on record, in his exquisite 'Magic Flute' (a book whose influence is not yet determinable), his debt to that genius, and there are few performances of 'Die Zauberflöte,' from the remarkable ones given under Charles T. Smith with L.C.C. boys in the Isle of Dogs to those in the great European opera houses, that he has not attended.

*

Whatever may be the result of the laggard efforts of the inhabitants of south-eastern Sussex to save the beauties of their scenery from degradation by an electrical scheme, some of the praise for having given the alarm must go to the B.B.C. It was, if I remember rightly, in June that in 'The Week in London' mention was made of the danger to the countryside of indiscriminate "improvement" of the amenities of life. Previous to this there had been some notice taken of the matter in these columns. So we are all in it, thank goodness! The B.B.C. can do a great

deal in this way. If it can harness the elements, what can it not make us aware of, viewing things as it does from such heights? Nothing need escape its vigilance.

*

'Thais' sounded thin, as though the microphone had been unable to hide the poverty of the work. There were tunes that pleased, and some good singing; but these could not make the thing live. Whatever worth there may be in 'Thais' as an opera, as music (and as that primarily a broadcast performance finds expression) it is ephemeral stuff, with its day nearing an end. It might be allowed to die, now. Mr. Vernon Bartlett talked to secondary schools about current affairs on Tuesday sanely and wisely. If one could but have heard such a talk in one's own school days! One hesitates to try to gauge the amount of good this series of afternoon talks may have.

*

Here is a selection of interesting broadcasts for the coming week. Monday: Dean Inge's Point of View (2LO), Mr. Froom Tyler on 'The Legend of Christ at Priddy' (Cardiff and Swansea). Tuesday: Professor J. W. Gregory on 'How the World Began' (2LO), Mr. P. Ford on 'Pioneers of English Trade' (Bournemouth), Mr. Harold Orton on 'The Dialects of Northumberland and Durham' (Newcastle), Mr. P. H. B. Lyon on 'The Discovery of Poetry' (Scotland). Wednesday: Talk by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. (2LO). Thursday: 'The First Second,' a "sequence" by Peter Godfrey (2LO). Friday: 'The English Character,' a discussion between M. André Maurois and Professor Madariaga, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in the chair (2LO); Mr. John Clark on his day's work in commercial travelling (Scotland).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—188

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a description, in not more than 250 words, of the first appearance in England of a much-advertised prima donna by a young musical critic who knows nothing at all about music.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of not more than 12 lines to a lady, in the not far distant time when every piece of writing will have to advertise something. The poet, who is in love, is allowed to have his verses published on condition that he brings in a word or two in praise of "Slicko," the new lightning hair-dye. The point to be emphasized is that the poet is sincerely in love, yet may not ignore "Slicko."

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 188a, or LITERARY 188b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 14. The results will be announced in the issue of October 19.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 186

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. A famous personage on receiving a book which he had no intention of reading, replied to the author, "I shall lose no time in reading your book." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a similarly two-edged reply, which must be original, for each of the following occasions:

1. On being requested to recommend an undeserving young man to an influential friend.
2. To an aunt, refusing her invitation which nothing would induce you to accept.
3. On returning a book, forcibly lent, when asked by the lender: "What did you think of it?"
4. On being shown a remarkably ugly baby by its admiring parents.
5. On being told by the mother of a girl you have always disliked, of her engagement to a man whom you like no better.
6. On being offered by a friend an exceedingly bad picture painted by himself, to add to a collection of which you are justly proud.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a comic poem not exceeding twelve lines in length, embodying a series of cryptic sayings in couplets after the fashion of Blake's:

A robin red-breast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

REPORT FROM MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

186A. The difficulties in judging both A and B of this competition have been the same, namely, that while many of the entries have admirable moments, none maintains a continuous excellence. This was only to be expected from the nature of each. As regards A, the best reply to No. 1 question is H. C. M.'s "Your young friend shall certainly have the recommendation he deserves." For No. 2 the best is undoubtedly that of the winner of the first prize, though H. W. Williams's "Only indisposition keeps me away" is good, and very good too is A. J. Perman's "I cannot tell you how deeply I feel the necessity of declining your invitation." F. Muriel Lanauze did well for No. 3, with "I thought more of it than I can say," and for No. 4 she and Jas. J. Nevin did better than either of the prize-winners with "The likeness to you both is very plain," and "I have never seen such an angel." The winner of the second prize gives a searching reply to No. 5, and there are two variants in Hippocleides's "Your daughter could not marry a better man" and Jas. J. Nevin's "I don't think either could have made a better choice," which are even better than the winners'. Good, but less good, is M. P. H.'s "It gives me pleasure to contemplate a future in which they will be under one roof." There were several telling replies to No. 6. Civil Service's "It will stand out in my collection" would have been magnificent if it had been "It will stand out of my collection." There is an ominous tone about Doris Elles's "I have nothing in my collection that will come near your work," I. B. Sherriff's "Your picture shall have a place quite its own among my possessions," and Issachar's "My rooms are so small and low I should never be able to give it the place it deserves"; and M. P. H.'s "It can be nothing but an addition to my collection" has an agreeable dryness about it.

The two sets that maintain the most respectable level are those of B. Chamier (I hope I have read her name correctly) and F. E. S., whom I recommend for first and second prize respectively.

FIRST PRIZE

1. I cannot say enough to Lord Blank of your son's qualifications.
2. Any invitation of yours, dear aunt, I shall always decline with regrets.
3. I have to thank you for the loan of the book, which was irresistible.
4. Who can believe, looking at that little face, that we were monkeys centuries ago?
5. Every young man, who hears of your daughter's engagement to John, will realize that he is a lucky fellow.
6. My gallery is very crowded, but I shall find some spare room for your picture.

(Miss) B. CHAMIER

SECOND PRIZE

1. My recommendation could add nothing to his merits.
2. I am glad to feel that I need not tell you I am deeply grieved to be unable to accept.
3. There was no need for you to force me to read it.
4. I should be sorry to have to say which of you he (or she) is most like.
5. I feel sure she could not have found a better husband, or he a better wife.
6. Your picture might have been painted to supply the chief defect of my collection.

F. E. S.

186B. The poem here required may be of two varieties: it may embody complete and comical nonsense or a set of comically significant truths. Both varieties have been sent in. Unhappily, however, none of the nonsense is as irresistibly nonsensical as it should be, while too much of the sense is not sensible enough. Many competitors, too, have ignored the stipulation that the sayings should be cryptic. Of the nonsensical, H. C. M.'s is the most amusing:

The sempstress sitting at her hem
Builds, or unbuilds, Jerusalem

is good fooling, and Pibwob has a fine opening:

A sleek round-robin pecking crumbs
Deafens heaven with kettle-drums:
An oyster on a plate in June
Blows out the torches of the moon.

A few thought-provoking couplets deserve quotation. There is melancholy psychological truth in Bekwai's

The man who carries parcels home
You know will never dare to roam,

and each of the following provides food for several hours of profound thought:

A piece of leather kicked about
Makes ten thousand people shout.

H. W. WILLIAMS

A hatless woman in the pew
Brings evolution home to you.

JAMES HALL

The children who are clad in white
Make heavy work on ironing-night.

ETHEL M. KENNEDY

The man who has a pup to sell
Is starting on the road to hell.

JAS. J. NEVIN

When summer's wet, then goodness knows
How free we are to use the hose.
Though Waghorn flies six miles a minute,
Have you seen an envious linnet?

CIVIL SERVICE

But despite excellent passages I do not consider that any complete poem is up to the level that the SATURDAY REVIEW has been accustomed by its competitors to expect, and so I recommend none for a prize.

BACK NUMBERS—CXLV

WERE consistency required of the writer of these articles, I should shiver at the idea of dealing with Robert Louis Stevenson. Hardly a reader of my generation but has changed his mind about Stevenson, and that not to reach a settled conviction but to arrive at uneasiness. The gilt off the gingerbread, there should remain for us at least the gingerbread, and there are moods when it seems to us even that has deteriorated. All the same, if not by the same things, Stevenson can still charm us, and if we could only be kept well away from those who overpraise him we should have compliments enough to pay him, though not those that were lavished on him forty years ago.

As to the essayist, most of us feel little hesitation. In the old days, approved critics mentioned him with Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, absurdly. It is a profound experience of life, not indeed of what is highest or strangest in life, but at least of what in it is every man's share, that comes to us in the pages of Montaigne. Lamb, when he chose a more brilliant virtuoso in prose than Stevenson, has that hare-brained vein of home-felt wit which Hazlitt praised in him, a central wisdom round which his enchanting lunacies sport. Hazlitt, apt to strike one as hard and rather sinister, has not only his famous gusto but a masculine intellect strenuously grappling with the questions, often highly original, which he raises. Beside such men, Stevenson is thin. Except in a few passages, he is fundamentally not other, as an essayist, than the gentlemen who compile the thought for the week in periodicals of uplift or annotate the calendar with depressing heartiness. His aphorisms and conclusions are beyond comparison more happily expressed, and therefore more memorable, but the most of them do not grow more and more luminous in recollection, do not radiate any unsuspected light on matters not present to us when we first read him or to him when he wrote.

There, certainly, is part of the trouble with Stevenson's meditative, critical and didactic prose. It says what he had consciously to say most engagingly, but it very seldom says any more. It does not expand in the memory that has lodged it. Well, though that is a limitation putting him below the greatest masters it does not put him down among writers who are merely good craftsmen. The curious and damaging thing is that this very common limitation is accompanied by a fault one would have supposed incompatible with it, the fault of being dressed up a trifle beyond the occasion. It is not by an honourable though perhaps mistaken severity, confining the prose to its immediate business, that Stevenson falls short. On the one hand, he is incapable of thinking the thought that, profoundly apposite to the matter in hand, will also be apposite in the myriad private applications of it by his readers. On the other hand, he will inscribe it with flourishes. Let me say it, with the unfairness of rapid summary, that the thought is no more than adequate to its occasion, and the expression a little beyond that occasion.

Among a great many of the secondary virtues, some of them possessed by him in almost the highest degree, he had lucidity. But if these articles, as the publishers of a reprint of some of them say in an announcement, are a critic's half-holidays, they are not whole holidays; and it is a duty to discriminate. There is the lucidity which makes the

subject clear and yet acknowledges the surrounding mystery, and there is the lucidity of the lamp in some inn of happy encounters with the surrounding darkness forgotten. Stevenson had only the latter. I hasten to add that he had it in an extraordinary measure. But he had no mystery, and I suppose that if the word had been mentioned to him he would have thought of secrets, plots, ambushes, letters in cipher, hidden treasure, not of the mystery that encompasses the veriest bourgeois every hour of his stay-at-home life.

He was obliged very often by his own condition to think of death, and he wrote of it gallantly. But, leaving the great thinkers out of account, and citing only a master whom hardly anyone can credit with ideas, where is a saying to match Victor Hugo's about our all being under sentence of death "with indefinite reprieves"? Stevenson's gallantry, like most of the virtues reckoned to him, was genuine, but it was the gallantry of a man determined to live up to his fancy dress, the heroism of the masquerade. He wrote in an essay that valour was all the better for a fine gesture and some resounding words, but one suspects that he valued the quality chiefly for according with the waved sword and "Death or victory!" His instinct was for the picturesque; and even some of his most considerable characters, even Alan Breck and Silver, seem to have been invented to fit a gesture or phrase. They have been deduced from a detail, not conceived in the round by an imagination which may later on be surprised and yet satisfied by their bearing and utterance in this or that set of circumstances.

A mind that works in that way will express itself better in the short story than in the novel or romance; and Stevenson, until we get to the fragment of 'Weir of Hermiston,' is much more nearly great in his short stories than in his larger and eked-out narratives. Two of the most esteemed of the short stories have always seemed to me over-rated, 'A Lodging for the Night' and 'The Sire de Malétoit's Door,' but 'Thrawn Janet' is certainly one of the very finest stories in the language, and he wrote five or six others which, on a rather lower level, are completely successful. The romances and novels are not conceived as wholes and projected with steady energy. 'The Wrecker' notoriously breaks in two; 'The Master of Ballantrae,' with the magnificent scene of the quarrel and duel, undoubtedly one of the great scenes of English fiction, wanders all over the place; each of the others is narrative jerked forward, often with brilliant ingenuity, by incident.

It is only in 'Weir of Hermiston' that the narrative moves with the inevitability of great fiction; and it alone gives the reader the sensation of contact with a quite mature mind. The fragment has breadth, depth, an earnestness precluding mere picturesqueness. Finished on the level on which it begins, it would have put him among the masters. As it is, he remains on the whole an ingenious, highly accomplished entertainer, expert in what is still only make-believe and not the divine illusion of art, "truer than truth." But there is the personal charm of the man, which no one can resist all the time, which no one would ever be able to resist if it were not so practised upon us; and there are times when, because of it, in surrender or recoil, all of us become uncritical about him, as no doubt I have here become.

STET



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REVIEWS

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

By T. EARLE WELBY

The Sense of Glory. By Herbert Read. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

THERE is room for a book on the sense of glory, or at any rate on the conception of fame, in the ages of chivalry and in the Renaissance; for if such a book did not tell us very much of individual authors, it might have its value in explanation of the civilization of a great part of Europe during the centuries in which the European mind took a bias still but little modified. Mr. Read, whose title has little or no application to three-fourths of his book, has attempted no such sketch. His subjects are Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Sterne, Vauvenargues, Hawthorne, Bagehot, and Henry James; and this highly miscellaneous assembly he treats, not with persistent reference to the sense of glory, but in much the same way as would be adopted by a critic concerned to arrive at the broad truth about each of them considered as an independent figure.

With his reading, his intelligence, his lucidity, he could not fail to say just things about each of them, and sometimes he has done much more than that. In a wise following of Coleridge, in expanding and refining the judgment of the supreme critical intellect our country has produced, he has written one of the best of essays on Sterne. But not being even the least of latter-day Sainte-Beuves, being a man of Saturdays and not of 'Lundis,' I must not aspire to judge what he says of a company that includes Descartes; and, seeing that Mr. Read's title fits but a fraction of his book, I must take leave to write of the book in a review that deals with but a fraction of it. With apologies, I venture to confine this notice to the problems raised in the essays on Hawthorne and Henry James, or, rather, to the question put and answered by Henry James about Hawthorne.

Henry James wrote, in discussing Hawthorne, that "the flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep," that "it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature," and that "it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion." To this, W. D. Howells, perhaps in some ways the most perfectly American novelist of the period, replied that the novelist, U.S.A., lacking all the things enumerated by Henry James, from monarchy and personal loyalty, country gentlemen and cathedrals and Oxford, to a "sporting class" and Ascot, had still "simply the whole of human life" left to him. Howells was doubtless a Jacobean in some sort; he had, so to speak, if one must speak about him, been out in the '15, though not in the '45, but the eventual attitude of Henry James towards what he had supposed was the common cause distressed him acutely, so far as he managed to understand it. "Simply the whole of human life left": the retort of Henry James was, "just so much less of it as those same 'paraphernalia' represent, and I think they represent an enormous quantity of it."

They do represent an enormous quantity of it; but concentration on this retort may very well mislead us even more about Henry James than about Hawthorne. For, with all his passion for the traditional and complex civilization of the greater part of Europe, Henry James had only a tepid feeling for many, perhaps most, of the material embodiments of that civilization; and highly as he prized what by the time of his adult contact with it European culture had come to be, he was, for a man with his activity of mind, incurious about the historical processes of its

development. Mr. Read remarks that he was more interested in the reactions than in the reagents, but mars that shrewd criticism by adding that it was only "his recognition that civilization is a matter of mental condition rather than of vulgar possession." We know how the philanthropist, embracing mankind, is apt to be insensible to the personalities of individuals. Well, in impious moods, I have sometimes wondered whether Henry James's passion for European civilization was not, in his weaker moments, a little like the philanthropist's for mankind. He ought, one feels, to have been a great critic of the intellectual, especially the artistic, forces that have made the finest part of that civilization, and one knows that he was not.

Was he really a very much better critic of the America in which Hawthorne was nurtured? He charged Hawthorne with provincialism. Mr. Read, rightly feeling that the charge, though not without excuse, is unjust, argues ingeniously but to little effect that in Hawthorne's youth America was intellectually a province of England. It is a half-truth fighting a quarter-truth. Mr. Read, it seems to me, might usefully have remembered that Hawthorne anticipated almost everything urged against him by Henry James when he wrote, in the preface to 'Transformation,' "no author, without a trial, can be conscious of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong." It is possible to exaggerate the handicap. Lionel Johnson, whom Mr. Read might well have quoted, apostrophized Hawthorne in lines beginning:

Hesperian soul! well hadst thou in the west
Thine hermitage and meditative place.

And Lionel Johnson, besides being a good scholar and critic, was European, Latinate, far removed from Puritanism. The point, however, is not Hawthorne's environment but the nature of his reaction to it. The American intellectual then as now breathed filtered air, and consumed peptonized ideas, and was denied the spectacle of a complex social comedy. But the man of genius, unless like Poe he fled in spirit from the scene, after all made what *he* chose, not what America demanded, of the scanty enough material.

Puritan America presented Hawthorne with the sense of sin, a dreary gift, and useless, one might suppose, to the artist except for an isolated masterpiece like Hogg's 'Confessions of a Justified Sinner.' But see how Hawthorne dealt with the sense of sin! Henry James himself was obliged to admit that Hawthorne's relation to it was not moral or theological, but "intellectual." He should have said, "artistic." Hawthorne used it purely as an artist, almost always to his great advantage, for there was something light, drifting, and fantastical in his genius, and he might have been but an architect of mist without that grimly solid foundation to build upon.

Why is it to be thought that birth and education in Europe would have benefited Hawthorne? Henry James was right to flee from America, for he needed a far more complicated and far more slowly developed social life for his material than America could offer him. His eventual immensely rich and intricate and agonizingly discriminative report on the civilization he found in Europe is a unique document. But it is inevitably weakened by his inability to assume the basis of the civilization, to refrain from agitatedly discovering and analysing what resides in the unformulated postulates of us who are born to the culture of Europe. He was immensely, constantly, exquisitely conscious of what is secondarily characteristic of English social life, but our prime characteristic is unconsciousness of those things. In a sense, he fell between the old world and the new. Hawthorne, despite numerous small lapses and an occasional amateurishness amid pages of perfect artistry, made a country of the mind in which he was far more at home.

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C. E. Montague. A Memoir. By Oliver Elton. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE full extent to which journalism has pilfered from the more abiding literature of our time by first attracting and then absorbing supreme talent is exemplified in the case of C. E. Montague, who did not break loose from his office-work until he was fifty-nine, and did not long survive his liberation. His letters and Dr. Elton's statements in this volume throw some light on Montague's struggle to keep a private life and to reserve a part of every day for reading and writing outside the routine. But Montague's rigidity of conscience made it all the harder for him to reserve this time-space and freshness of energy. He was for many years chief leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian*; he was also a director, sometimes virtually editor, and he had to devote to matters of administration an eye that was one of the quickest of our time for the significance of all seemingly or superb things in man and nature. Mr. C. P. Scott was hardly to be blamed for holding fast to that which was so good, but had Montague been given more roving commissions the paper in particular and English letters in general might have gained enormously. In the war Montague discovered, even as a private, a kind of freedom he had missed; we know the literary results of his war-service and of the larger liberty of human survey which it brought. His style lost its sometimes excessive refinement, which was caused, as one letter shows, by a characteristic modesty. In his early novels, such as 'The Morning's War,' Montague was terrified of being a bore (he of all men!) and so laboured by all richness of metaphor and cunning of phrase to make the eyes dazzle. It was when he was faithful to his simpler gods (to Swift instead of to Meredith) that he found the perfect medium for a brilliant self-expression that never lacked passion.

It must not be thought that Montague resented his craft or the nocturnal traffic in news and views. He could write thus of 'The Joys of Journalism':

You might suppose the thrill of hearing things a few hours sooner than your fellows would soon pass away. Some of us never find it has passed. We always seem, at our work, to be closer up against the life of our time than anywhere else, nearer its centre and more in its confidence. With all that is setting people agog in cities all over the world clicking and humming in on your ears, tapped or buzzed out at the tips of all the fluent imperturbable wires that run in on the place, it needs little effort of fancy to feel as if you were hearing the actual stir of existence, the unconscious breath of life itself; and the beat of its pulse seems to set your own going better.

When the break came, he turned novelist, yet remained a prince of journalists. Description of the scene and comment on life was always better than creation of character. He knew the weakness and struggled with it. But a certain shyness and the isolation of his life in Manchester had kept him from the closer contacts which would enable him to build character from within. Nor had he a natural gift of narrative; he excited the reader by phrase and by observation, in which he stood shoulders above storytellers who could make a better job of a yarn. His novels are precious because he decanted into them all his own philosophy, namely, a stoical æstheticism that is half Hellenic fired by a verve and a satiric gusto that is half Irish. He reacted to the right thing in morals as impulsively as he reacted to beauty of line and colour; as a paper on 'Inexpert Approaches to Religion' here shows, he was capable of mysticism. Theology and institutional religion were alien and even odious to him and he never pretended that a Christian could be a soldier; he preferred to declare himself to be de-Christianized

"for the duration." Chaplains' palaver maddened him, but he had a faith in intuitive perception of universals, and of a vision beyond the reach of the five senses. Dr. Elton's record of the life and collection of the letters has just the severity, the lack of fuss, and the simplicity of statement that befit the subject. The exhilaration of the man is there in all its vividness, and the book is quick with Montague's leaping spirit.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROMAN PRINCESS

Things Past. By the Duchess of Sermonetta. With a Foreward by Robert Hichens. Hutchinson. 21s.

LIKE the writer of the foreword to this volume, we all fear memories, especially those published at a guinea or more, and it is therefore the greater pleasure to be able to say that those before us are of the better sort and distinctly worth reading. They are well written and are about interesting places and people—not least among whom should be numbered the gifted writer herself, Vittoria Colonna, who is descended from the famous medieval Roman family of the name which claims descent from Julius Caesar. She married into an equally renowned family, that of the Caetani, the most distinguished, historic member of which was Pope Boniface VIII, the last of the great medieval popes. Until a hundred years ago there was a centuries-old feud between these families with its origins in the thirteenth century. The Duchess of Sermonetta—or Princess Teano, to give her highest title—also has English blood in her veins and from childhood visited England regularly, so that from her birth and upbringing she was brought into contact with English as well as Roman society. Her recollections are exceptionally interesting and there are, in addition, historical chapters which are no less so.

Anyone who reads the foreword will read the whole volume, for it refers to one "priceless" story in the book, in such terms that the reader simply must find it. We hope we shall not deter anyone from reading the book by revealing it—for perhaps it is not quite the best in the book. The story is of a young man, whom the writer calls the phenomenon, who invited her in London to go to the opera in his box. Her father confiscated the note and answered: "I do not permit you to write to my daughter, so I answer your letter myself, to say that she will not go to the opera with you on Thursday evening." The phenomenon replied: "I did not know you were also in London. Won't you come to the opera on Thursday and bring your daughter?" A second and double refusal was sent, whereupon the phenomenon wrote: "If you don't wish to bring your daughter to the opera on Thursday night, won't you come alone with me in my box?" The father was so exasperated that he left London. Another pleasing story—well known in Naples, we learn—is of the married couple, both of whom had been previously married, the wife screaming to the husband on one occasion: "Scarfoglio! your children and my children are fighting our children." But the stories in the book are numerous and good. As final witness there is the one of the woman who, when she dined with the ex-Empress Eugénie, would come over on a bicycle and change into her evening clothes behind a bush in the park, and another, of the writer's father-in-law, who, asked why he always travelled third-class on the railway, replied: "Because there is no fourth." Duse, a great friend of the writer, appears founding an institution called "Un Libro e un Fiore," of which the idea was that it should provide tired artists with a book and a flower with which to refresh the soul.

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There are plums we have not picked and we must content ourselves for the rest with a rapid indication of the varied contents of the book. In addition to personalities already mentioned we meet d'Annunzio, Marion Crawford, Edward VII, Ethel Smyth, Pierpont Morgan, and a host of others. There is interesting matter on early motoring and ballooning, about riding and bicycling, and mediums. There are first-hand accounts of the earthquakes at Messina and in the Abruzzi, which the author visited to help the sufferers. Perhaps most interesting of all is the light thrown on the conditions in Roman society when "Black" society and "White" society were divided.

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TO write an adequate life of the Prime Minister demands a much closer acquaintance with the man himself and with the inner history of contemporary politics than Mr. Tiltman can be supposed to possess. One of the strangest facts in our political history is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's rapid rise to power after the war. In 1918 the attitude which he maintained throughout his country's life-and-death struggle against Germany had made him the most unpopular man of any importance in the British Empire. Even his own party condemned him so thoroughly that he was turned out of his seat at Leicester in favour of another and much less famous Labour candidate. Yet within four years he had become the unchallenged leader of the second strongest party in the House of Commons, and two years later he became Prime Minister without the King's choice being seriously questioned. He had not changed his views in a single detail, as to the origin or conduct of the war; he had not apologized in the smallest measure for his utterances; nor had the general opinion in any degree varied as to the fundamental desirability of a British victory. One of the most difficult problems of the future historian will surely be to elucidate the mechanism of this extraordinary and perhaps unprecedented personal triumph, but we cannot truthfully say that Mr. Tiltman throws any new light upon it. Nor is he more helpful in regard to such a vital matter as the General Strike of 1926, which is described in five or six very jejune pages. In these two instances, at least, he is singularly mistaken in claiming to present the reader with "the evidence on which posterity will eventually judge the achievements of Labour's first Prime Minister." Speeches and interviews may form part of that evidence, but they are very far from providing the whole of it.

It would be harsh to blame Mr. Tiltman for failing in an Icarian task, and we may rather congratulate him on the successful performance of a humbler office. He claims with justice to present, "by some hundreds of quotations from Mr. MacDonald's speeches, a more authentic account than has been formerly available of the development of his political beliefs." Probably half the volume is composed of such quotations from Mr. MacDonald's speeches, addresses, books and pamphlets, which will certainly be helpful to all who wish to study his published utterances. In addition, a number of these are reprinted, in whole or part, as an appendix which occupies a fifth of the volume. They range from Mr. MacDonald's speech at Leicester in 1899 to his broadcast election address of last May, and include the curiously self-revealing speech of November 13, 1920, on the war in retrospect, and the important Geneva speech on "the way to peace" of September 4, 1924.

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able quackery which will bear comparison with anything in Dr. Haggard's often lurid story.

Nor is it on the credulity of the uneducated that medical quackery is dependent for its successes. One of the most enthusiastic eulogists of Valentine Greatrakes (whose "touch" was claimed to cure almost every malady) was Robert Boyle; and in 1929 the most vocal apostles of medical charlatanism (so long as it is unofficial) are among the recognized leaders of the intellectual world. Accordingly, it is, and always has been, extraordinarily difficult for the doctor whose livelihood depends on his practice to adopt the Hippocratic and Socratic rule of intellectual honesty. It needs a very special state of society and of public opinion for a man with impunity openly to acknowledge his limitations and his ignorance. And the greater the clarity of his thought, the more conscious will he be of his limitations. Successful physicians, from Galen to many highly reputed men of our own day, have nearly always been ready to assert with impressive positiveness dogmas the validity of which depends solely on the weight of their personal authority. If the ordinary doctor were, at the end of each day, confronted with a collection of his utterances and asked scientifically to justify them, who would pass muster? Well might he plead the aphorism of his master: "Life is short, and art is long, the occasion fleeting, experience fallacious and judgment difficult."

Dr. Haggard's story is indeed a strange hotch-potch of nobility and humbug, of courage and credulity, of shrewdness and ignorance. He tells us of the horrors of pre-anæsthetic and pre-Listerian surgery; and of the Hôtel Dieu of Paré's day, when four, five or six patients of all ages and of both sexes were often laid in a bed—one labouring with child, another delirious with fever, and another, perhaps, dying of consumption. We read about the strange partnership of Burke and Hare and about Dr. Knox, their compliant receiver. And yet, scattered among these miserable records, are repeated instances of human tenderness and skill rising above the sordidness and the suffering. Evidently kindness and humbug are not mutually incompatible.

It is pleasant and refreshing to turn from this medley to the interesting collection of biographies of celebrated English doctors—from Gilbertyn and Gatesden of Chaucer's Prologue to Lister and Osler—which Mr. H. H. Bashford has written, and Messrs. Constable have just published. One need not be particularly concerned with the science or art of medicine to appreciate these chapters, fragrant with humanity and character. Arresting personal touches are on every page:

The air is soft [this is Erasmus writing of Oxford] and delicious. The men are sensible and intelligent. Many of them are learned, and not superficially, either. When Colet speaks, I might be listening to Plato. Linacre is as deep and acute a thinker as I have ever met with, and Nature never formed a happier or sweeter disposition than that of Thomas More.

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By the way, this fresh interest in War literature ought to bring many new readers to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S great book, "BRITISH CAMPAIGNS (1914-1918)" which I publish in a revised and enlarged edition at 10s. 6d. net.

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MRS. EDDY

Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind.

By Edwin Franden Dakin. Scribners. 21s.

TO write a biography of Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, is no easy task. The difficulty is increased by the fact that here one is dealing with the question of a momentous religious experience and all that accompanies such a question in the form of opposition, doubt and envy from those who do not agree. The extraordinary interest surrounding the life of this remarkable woman has caused many persons to write about her and endeavour to weave around her a story which will fascinate and hold the attention. In the attempt to do this, many statements have been made which will not bear investigation, but having appeared in a biography, they have been accorded a credence which their doubtful origin does not warrant. A flagrant instance of this is the long since discredited book by Georgine Milmine.

In order to write a true estimate of Mrs. Eddy, one would need to have at least a glimmer of what was taking place in her religious experience. Without this, nothing but a distorted picture can be drawn, and such is the portrait presented by the latest of her detractors, Mr. Edwin Franden Dakin. There is nothing in this book which will aid a disinterested person to learn anything about her. On the contrary, it is entirely misleading, although it purports to be an honest attempt to steer a middle course between the only authorized biography, 'The Life of Mary Baker Eddy,' by Miss Sibyl Wilbur, which Christian Scientists accept, and other books which they entirely discredit. It presents an incredible picture of the life and character of one of the most remarkable women in history, and one which no unbiased and fair-minded person could accept. It was by her work and her writings that Mary Baker Eddy asked the world to judge her, and these remain to-day to vindicate her. Mr. Dakin makes virtually no mention of these, while every innuendo and every item of gossip and tittle-tattle invented by her enemies is recounted. It is noticeable throughout the book that the tendency of the author has been to belittle and doubt any statement made by her herself in her own defence, while the fullest credence is given to the statements of her enemies—surely a remarkable sign of weakness and prejudice. The unbiased reader must lay down the book with a feeling of disgust, and, if he is wise, he will look round the civilized world upon the fruits of her work for suffering humanity and draw his own conclusions.

T.

THE JEW TO-DAY

Jewish Life in Modern Times. By Israel Cohen. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

THIS book will leave the reader breathless at the mass of erudition which its author displays upon every page. There is not an aspect of Jewish life in any of the five continents that is ignored, and Mr. Cohen supports all his statements with detailed statistics which must have entailed much labour. In one or two cases he would probably have been better advised to adopt a slightly different method, and so would have avoided the necessity of breaking the sequence of his narrative, but these are small points and in no way detract from the merit of what is a veritable encyclopædia of modern Jewish lore.

Mr. Cohen very wisely takes nothing for granted, and he stresses the fact that the common view that Jews are the same all the world over is a complete

fallacy. There is, it is true, a racial solidarity which manifests itself in the hour of persecution, but even the physical type is by no means uniform, and in all else there is a diversity that is growing year by year. Roughly, however, the Jews can be divided into Western and Eastern Jews, the former being the less orthodox, but the migrations of the present century are doing away with this old distinction. Nevertheless, up to the present the Jews have certainly formed a people apart, and it is very largely to a consideration whether their existing condition affords any hope that this state of affairs will continue that Mr. Cohen devotes himself to this volume.

He shows, first of all, that although there are Jews all over the world, they are by no means evenly distributed. The big cities account for a very high proportion of their number, and they thus dwell in those very centres of population where they are most likely to be influenced by their environment. Even the persecution to which they were subjected went a long way towards enhancing their solidarity, and the ghetto was a State within a State. Most capitals have a Jewish quarter, but the Jew never stays in it once he can afford to get away, and there are no restrictions to prevent him from leaving Houndsditch for Hampstead. In short, in Western Europe and the United States he is becoming to an increasing extent merged in the rest of the population.

The author is not satisfied that this is the whole story, and he cites apparently irrefutable evidence to show that the Jew is also forsaking in large numbers the religion, as well as the customs, of his ancestors, and is intermarrying with other races. This development, which has become much accentuated of late years, of course strikes at the very basis of the system upon which the theory of a "chosen people" was established, for comparatively few of the children of these mixed marriages are brought up in

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the Jewish faith. Mr. Cohen gives a very interesting account of the various schools of religious thought in Judaism, but none of them seems capable of exercising a real influence upon the present generation.

It is one of Mr. Cohen's merits that he never shrinks from looking facts in the face, and he has not hesitated to do so on this occasion. He says quite clearly that if the Jewish race progresses along its present lines complete disappearance can only be a matter of time, and no long time at that. The remedy in his opinion lies in the creation of something more than a national home, namely a national State, in Palestine, which shall serve as an inspiration to Jews all over the world. He agrees that so far this ideal has not made any very great appeal, but he is not without hope that something may yet be done in the direction of its realization. Mr. Cohen has written a valuable book, for even when one does not agree with him his arguments are instructive.

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'DEATH OF A HERO' and 'Grey Dawn—Red Night' are two war-novels, written on rather the same plan. Each has for hero a young man who is sensitive and intelligent, who hates war and loves the arts, and whose career as a civilian the war brutally terminates. In each the action is roughly divided into two, the first part describing the young man's expanding youth, the second his experience in the battle-field. Mr. Aldington's George Winterbourne is a more sophisticated young man than Mr. Hodson's John Hardcastle, and his pre-war career is more exhaustively described. Mr. Aldington is a satirist and something of a philosopher, dissatisfied with the times, choosing character and incident to illustrate his theories. Mr. Hodson is an observer with the reporter's instinct strongly developed. He excels at snap-shots and "vignettes." He makes little comment on pre-war and war-time England; he contents himself, for the most part, with describing what takes place before his hero's eyes.

Neither book is strikingly original, but Mr. Aldington's is the more considerable of the two: if it lived up to its ambitions and pretensions it would be a very impressive work. In any case, it is a valuable commentary on our age. But Mr. Aldington's judgment is so unbalanced that the very power and keenness of his mind become weapons that turn in his hand and injure his own cause. The onslaught on the middle classes with which the book opens is so grotesquely unfair, and the characters selected to illustrate it so exaggerated, that in spite of many palpable hits and isolated successes, as a whole it fails completely. Mr. Aldington is cross with family life; he dislikes the old; he thinks that the affection supposed to exist between parents and children is so much hypocrisy and "bunk" (a tiresome word of which he is inordinately fond). Especially is he impatient of the control that mothers seek to exercise over their sons; he suggests there is no love behind it. This is how George's mother breaks the news of her son's death

to his father (they were virtually separated, and she had a lover, Sam Browne).

Mrs. Winterbourne's effort on the telephone to her husband was not unworthy of her: "Is that you, George? Yes, Isabel speaking. I have just had rather bad news. No, about George. You must be prepared, darling. I fear he is seriously ill. What? No. George. GEORGE. Can't you hear? Yes, that's better. Now listen, darling, you must prepare for a great shock. George is seriously ill. Yes, our George, our baby son. What? Wounded? No, not wounded, very dangerously ill. No, darling, there is little hope. (Sob.) Yes, darling, a telegram from the King and Queen. You are prepared for the shock (sob), George, aren't you? Deeply regret. . . . Killed in action. . . . Their Majesties' sympathy. . . . (Sob. Long pause.) Are you there, George? Hulloo, hulloo. . . . (Aside to Sam Browne). He's run off. How that man insults me! How can I bear it in my sorrow? After I had prepared him for the shock! (Sob, sob.) But I have always had to fight for my children, while he squatted over his books—and prayed."

This is satire run mad. Mr. Aldington has no respect for the emotions of people he does not like, and by yielding to this prejudice he turns nine-tenths of his characters into caricatures. There is too much about sex in the book. One of George's mistresses, Fanny, was an accomplished love-maker:

Like all great artists she was entirely disinterested—art for art's sake. . . . She would not waste her talents. If a subject was not profoundly responsive and appreciative, she put him aside at the earliest possible moment. No clumsy inhibited Englishman for her! No, thank you. Perhaps that is why she spent so much of her time abroad.

Perhaps that is why she was not appreciated at home. Most of Mr. Aldington's figures are unsympathetic, even George, hero though he was in his bleak way. The book is interesting and remarkable for the number of subjects Mr. Aldington is able to make controversial—there is scarcely a sentence which does not call for assent or contradiction: generally the latter, for he is not a writer who tries to



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Mr. Gleb Botkin is advertised as the first Russian to write in English. But does he? Sentences such as "But how can one go around without trousers?" and "I am sure I could end your innocence right now" seem to proclaim a transatlantic origin. The whole book turns on this question of Tosha's innocence, and there are moments when one almost wishes that the lady had fulfilled her threat. As a little boy, Tosha had much admired Cousin Xenia and her "almost invisible but most attractive little black moustache." He was always susceptible to feminine charm, but still more was he avid of goodness; as a child he showed extraordinary precocity in theology, and his determination to enter a monastery is natural enough. But one wishes he had not. For until he took this step 'The God Who Didn't Laugh,' with its swift, sympathetic apprehension of a child's intelligence, its pictures of leisurely pre-Revolution Russian life, is charming, and Tosha is a delightful little boy whose interest in his soul's welfare is refreshing and commendable. After he is installed in the monastery, Mr. Gleb Botkin exchanges charm for power. Tosha's animal instincts awaken and he frets against temperance, soberness and chastity; he wants to laugh, and thinks that Christianity will disapprove. Monastic precepts and monastic practice alike begin to repel him. He is tormented; his meditations become frantic, his arguments with himself interminable. Though prejudiced in favour of the flesh, the author spares us nothing in his anxiety to present fairly the age-old issue. Though the conclusion is dignified and touching, on the whole we are harrowed rather than moved. And surely the authorities might have seen at the beginning, Tosha himself might have seen, that he had no vocation for monastic life.

'Petruchio' is the story of an Englishman of means who married the daughter of an Italian peasant and chose an original way to break her stubborn will. There is an ingenious rather than convincing underplot, sophisticated relief for the primitive temperaments of Laurence and Modesta. Miss Stern's evocation of the Italian scene is delightful; and how well she knows her Italians! The book can be read for their sake alone.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Egyptian Enigma, 1890-1928. By J. E. Marshall. Murray. 10s. 6d.

THE author of this book was until recently a judge in the Egyptian Court of Appeal, and the present volume contains his reminiscences. Its historical value is slight, for it is a medley of sporting, political and legal reflections without any connecting link save that they are in chronological order. Mr. Justice Marshall is no believer in the ability of the Egyptians to govern themselves, and although he wrote too soon to give any account of the latest developments in Egypt there can be no doubt but that he thoroughly disapproves of them. At the same time, he is probably on safe ground when he says that the present acute state of the Egyptian problem is very largely due to the vacillations of successive British administrations, and that had Egypt been annexed on the outbreak of war, with the promise of Dominion status at its close, most of the existing trouble would never have arisen. The book can be recommended to the general reader who wishes to extend his knowledge of Egyptian conditions, but it will hardly appeal to the serious student.

Peter the Great. By Stephen Graham. Benn. 21s.

AS a sub-title, Mr. Stephen Graham calls his book 'A Life of Peter I of Russia called the Great' which indicates his attitude to his subject, an attitude which is certainly a natural recoil after contemplating the horrors of Peter's reign, though not one common in the professional historian who is accustomed to finding that great men are commonly bad. Though the publisher tells us that this biography is based on an intimate study of original sources, we do not learn what these are. The book, in fact, detailed though it is, is popular rather than scholarly. It is unusually outspoken. The man who, at great cost, imparted a western veneer to Russia and who had his own son and innumerable others tortured to death is here exhibited as the definitely pathological case he undoubtedly was. Russia is still paying the price of his rule.

Victory. By Ricarda Huch. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

THIS second volume of Miss Ricarda Huch's long fictional study in the Risorgimento in Italy illustrates admirably the danger of applying such methods to history. As the volumes from the pen of the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, have shown, the story of 'Garibaldi and the New Italy,' as Miss Ricarda Huch ambitiously styles her work, of which the first volume, 'Defeat,' was published last year, needs no embellishment from the hand of a novelist to render it full of colour and interest. Perhaps no more picturesque and exciting episode can be found in the annals of Italy than the career of Garibaldi; why, then, not be content to leave well alone? It would be idle to deny that there is the material for a hundred historical novels in the Risorgimento; but that material must be treated in a far freer manner than Miss Ricarda Huch has permitted herself if the result is to live as a work of fiction. The very able and distinguished German writer has allowed herself to fall between two stools; her study of Garibaldi is neither history nor fiction; and hence it will satisfy neither the novel-reading public nor the serious historian. If Miss Ricarda Huch had been content to create a living piece of fiction out of the exciting incidents in Garibaldi's career, she might have enriched literature with a great novel. As it is, the narrative drags and seems forced at times. The writer herself does not seem to have been always happy in the medium she has chosen. As was only to be expected, Mrs. Alison Phillips's translation is wholly admirable.

Shifting Scenes. By Hallie Flanagan. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

MISS FLANAGAN is an American lady who came on the wings of a Guggenheim Foundation to inspect the European theatre. She brought with her a considerable innocence, an unflagging enthusiasm, and one of those hearty, staccato American prose styles which pass for the high quality goods in American reviews. She got herself nicely tangled up in England, where she says she saw "Sir Barry Jackson's Dickensian 'Country Wife,'" by which she apparently means not the Wycherley comedy of that name but Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor farce, 'The Farmer's Wife,' which is as much like Dickens as it is like Dante. She met Mr. Gordon Craig in Copenhagen, and apparently believed that the seventeenth-century castle at Elsinore was Hamlet's castle. Mr. Craig told her that all "the glories of Europe are presents from Kings or Dukes." American ecstasy! Unfortunately Mr. Craig did not tell her that the most lavish and lovely building of modern Europe, the Town Hall at Stockholm, was built by a democracy. However, nothing could help Miss Flanagan from flutterings and raptures. In any case, one who travelled so fast and so far could hardly be expected to stop and think.

One Man's War. By Bert Hall and J. J. Niles. Hamilton. 15s.

MR. BERT HALL, on whose frank and picturesque diary this entertaining volume is based, is evidently an aerial Dugald Dalgetty, rather than the "modern D'Artagnon" which his publisher calls him. He learnt to fly in 1910, and in 1913 entered the Turkish service with his aeroplane; but as soon as the Turks ceased to pay the specified hundred dollars a day in gold, he went over to the Bulgarians. Now we learn that, as General Chan, he is chief of the air service at Canton. But, though "a hard-boiled soldier of fortune," he was one of the first Americans to volunteer to fight for the French Republic. Beginning as a private in the Foreign Legion, he soon got himself transferred to the Flying Corps, and became one of the original seven pilots of the "Lafayette Escadrille"—the Germans in America objected to its being called the American Squadron. His narrative is full of vivid descriptions of the splendours and terrors of aerial warfare, and few writers have made us realize more keenly the fascination of the duel in the air. A note of genuine pathos occasionally breaks into his engaging, devil-may-care and sometimes rather coarse humour. The account of his Russian experiences during the first months of the Revolution is also extremely interesting.

Translation of the Holy Quran. By Muhammad Ali. Woking: Islamic Book Dept. 30s.

SALE'S version of the Koran has stood the test of time very well; it is sufficiently accurate for most purposes, and its amplifications of the text made its reading easy. During the last half-century, however, a number of literal translations from the Arabic have accustomed us to its peculiar turns of speech, and the reading public are ready to welcome a version made by a competent scholar and a Mohammedan, which shall be literal and expressive of his religious mode of thought. This version has reached its second edition in the form of the Arabic text of the Quran, accompanied by an introduction and translation: the smaller form now published omits the Arabic text. The introduction, of over 100 pages, deals with the history of the Quran: the essentials of the Moslem religion; the histories of the prophets and some misconceptions regarding Quranic teaching: the text covers 623 pages. The translation is closer than Sale's and is well written; its main points are elucidated by short notes.

The French Revolution. By W. Alison Phillips. Benn's Sixpenny Library.

PROFESSOR ALISON PHILLIPS has written a fairly clear outline of a most difficult period in eighty short pages, and that is an achievement that would be but poorly saluted by saying that he maintains the high level of this series. Naturally, he has little time to rise or fall to a phrase, but he refers to Barère as "that well-oiled political weathercock" and he quotes the remark of Goethe, in his diary, on the cannonade of Valmy which he had himself witnessed: "Here and to-day dates a new epoch in the history of the world." Professor Alison Phillips ends on a despondent note. The eight-line bibliography might have been extended to ten to include Lord Acton's 'Lectures on the French Revolution' and Dr. Gooch's valuable short guide to the literature of the subject.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

LETTERS TO A VICTORIAN EDITOR. By Albert Peel. Independent Press. 12s. 6d.

ANDREW MARVELL. By V. Sackville-West. Faber and Faber. 3s. 6d.

DANTE. By T. S. Eliot. Faber and Faber. 3s. 6d.
DO WHAT YOU WILL. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

LETTERS TO A DOUBTER. By Paul Claudel. Burns and Oates. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By Arthur Lytton Sells. Cambridge: Heffer. 8s. 6d.

LORD GREY OF THE REFORM BILL. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

WHEN. By J. L. Pole. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

ADOLPHE, 1920. By John Rodker. Aquila Press. 21s.

LIVINGSTONE. By Rev. R. J. Campbell. Benn. 21s.

INDIA UNDER WELLESLEY. By P. E. Roberts. Bell. 15s.

A HISTORY OF NATIONALISM IN THE EAST. By Hans Kohn. Routledge. 25s.

FICTION

THE EYE IN THE MUSEUM. By J. J. Conington. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (October 14).

THE FIERY DIVE. By Martin Armstrong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (October 14.)

LOVE BY ACCIDENT. By Louis Marlow. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (October 14.)

THE HISTORY OF BUTTON HILL. By Gordon Stowell. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. (October 14.)

THE EMPEROR'S TIGERS. By Valentine Dobree. Faber and Faber. 6s. (October 11.)

MY BEST STORY. By various authors. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

A LITTLE WAY AHEAD. By Alan Sullivan. Murray. 7s. 6d.

ON SOLWAY BRIDGE. By G. E. Mitton. Murray. 7s. 6d.

HUNKY. By Thames Williamson. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

THE ANT HEAP. By Edward Knoblock. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

SHORT STORIES OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By Eden Phillpotts. Harrap. 2s. 6d.

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THE TOLL OF THE MARSHES. By C. E. Healey. Benn. 7s. 6d.

JOSEPH ANDREWS. By Henry Fielding. The Baskley Head. 25s.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Cape. 7s. 6d. (October 7.)

THE YOUNG MAN. By Stephen Potter. Cape. 7s. 6d. (October 7.)

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6. Heart of a bird which takes a zigzag flight.
7. A marriage now I ask you to cut short.
8. Parisian studio: a priest's resort.
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11. Follow his precepts, and, if Heaven shall please, Britain may boast a new Demosthenes.

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ACROSTIC No. 392.—The winner is "Barberry," Miss D. L. Maguire, St. Monica Home of Rest, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, who has selected as her prize 'In the Land of the Lion,' by Cherry Kearton, published by Arrowsmith and reviewed by us on September 21. Twenty-one other competitors named this book, thirteen chose 'Crusader's Coast,' twelve 'The Life of George Meredith,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Clam, Estela, H. C. M., Iago, Madge, Martha, Margaret, N. O. Sellam, Rand, Twyford, Yendu.

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LIGHT 7.—One skilful solver prefers Nonchalant to Negligent, on the ground that Nonchalance implies habitual indifference. If it does, indifference is not quite the same thing as carelessness. Another solver, equally skilful, put down Nonchalant, but wisely altered it to Negligent.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THOSE who take an intelligent interest in the Stock Exchange, either as investors, speculative investors, or speculators, must be having difficulty at the moment in coming to any definite conclusion as to the immediate trend of markets. They are not alone in their perplexity; there is little doubt that it is shared, both by market experts and professional operators. Three factors are playing a part at the moment. The first, the aftermath of the Hatry episode, which causes uncertainty as to the extent of the liabilities involved, and the ease or difficulty with which they will be met, which must continue until the postponed settlement. Then the question of the Bank Rate. Will the rate, increased to 6½ per cent., prove effective in not merely stemming the efflux of gold, but so influence Exchanges that it will enable the Bank to increase its seriously depleted stock, or will a further advance in the rate be necessary? Despite the criticism that has been levelled at their policy, it seems that those responsible, having decided that the cure for the present position is a rising of the rate, will not abstain from making a further increase if the recent rise does not prove effective. Lastly, there is the uncertainty as to the future trend of prices of Wall Street.

It is probable that the speculative craze in America, which has led to the most unprecedented stock boom ever experienced, is primarily the cause, not merely of our monetary troubles but also of the monetary stringency throughout Central Europe. The question is: Will Wall Street break badly, and will this break come soon? It is felt that sooner or later Wall Street must break, and as the movement of the pendulum is accentuated in one direction, so eventually must its reflex action be also accentuated; when the change comes the fall is likely to be a very pronounced one. Indications are not lacking that some of the resilience has departed from the American markets; we have had these indications before, but after a slight interval they have been followed by further advances, and this may occur again.

In these circumstances, to prophesy with any degree of confidence is quite impossible, but it must be remembered that just as the speculative boom in Wall Street has drawn money from Europe to the detriment of European coffers, so if and when the boom is displaced by the inevitable slump, money should pour back to its owners in Europe, to the benefit not only of our stock markets but those of the Continental Bourses. All these factors must be borne in mind in judging the outlook, and, in view of the uncertainty that goes with each, one is forced to the conclusion that investors would be well advised to move cautiously until the position clears itself, and that speculators should leave the markets severely alone.

HARRISONS AND CROSFIELD

The report and balance sheet of Harrisons and Crosfield Limited strengthen the liking that has previously been expressed in these notes for the deferred shares of this extremely well administered company. The results achieved for the twelve months ended June 30 last are particularly satisfactory inasmuch as the profit is larger than in any

previous year of the company's existence. It will be remembered that the £1 deferred shares of this company carry a very valuable option which entitles them to re-invest half of their annual dividend in excess of 10 per cent. in the acquisition of further of these deferred shares at 20s. As the present market price of these shares is in the neighbourhood of £8, it will be seen what a valuable bonus this constitutes.

B.A.T. PREFERENCE

The lists opened yesterday in connexion with the 6,000,000 6 per cent. second preference shares issued by the British American Tobacco Company. A thoroughly sound preference share such as this, carrying a yield of 6 per cent., is not frequently procurable, and if these new British American Tobacco shares are obtainable in the neighbourhood of par when dealings start, I think they are well worth locking away for permanent investment purposes.

A HARROGATE HOTEL

Shareholders in the Grand Hotel, Harrogate, will find encouragement in the remarks made by their chairman, Mr. T. G. Hatherill-Mynott, at the recent General Meeting. He felt justified in expressing the opinion that the present financial year would produce results as good as, if not better than, those with which he was dealing.

QUALCAST

The attention of readers of these notes has been drawn in the past to the shares of Qualcast Limited, a company which specializes in the manufacture of lawn mowers. The report for the year ended June 30 last, recently issued, indicates that the optimism expressed as regards this company is justified. Net profits after meeting all charges amount to £28,495, which is an increase of approximately 17½ per cent. over last year's profits. Shareholders are to receive a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making, with the interim dividend, 12½ per cent. less tax for the year. That the company's finances are being handled in a conservatively sound manner can be appreciated from the fact that, although 12½ per cent. is being distributed, the profits represent over 22½ per cent. on the issued capital. In their report the directors point out that owing to the delay in the completion of their new factory, the new capital amounting to £50,000 has not as yet been employed productively in the company's business. It seems probable, therefore, that next year's figures reflecting this will show still further expansion of profit. Meanwhile, it would appear that holders of these 5s. shares should retain their interests.

GAUMONT

Mr. Charles M. Woolf, who presided at the recent annual meeting of the Gaumont British Picture Corporation Limited, dealt in detail with the position of that company. He stated that he was confident that the company was in a position, both in renting and in production, to cope with any new development that might arise. In exhibiting, their position in the country was unassailable. He further pointed out that the placing of the unissued ordinary shares at 24s. 6d. at a time when the stock market quotation was 17s. to 18s. was an outstanding achievement, and had placed the Corporation in a powerful financial position.

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